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Charakteristische Eigenschaften

von

R. L. Stevensons Stil.

Von

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in Dankbarkeit gewidmet.

I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked my mind was fitting what I saw with appropriate words; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. Thus I lived with words. And what I thus wrote was for no ulterior use, it was written consciously for practice. It was not so much that I wished to be an author (though I wished that too), as that I vowed I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me; and I practised to acquire it, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with myself."[1]) Das geschah im Freien. Zu Hause setzte er seine Versuche mit grösserem Erfolge fort: "Whenever I read a book or a passage that pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it, and tried again and was again unsuccessful and always unsuccessful; but at least in these vain bouts, I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction and the co-ordination of parts. I have thus played the sedulous ape to Hazlitt, to Lamb, to Wordsworth, to Sir Thomas Browne, to Defoe, to Hawthorne, to Montaigne, to Baudelaire and to Obermann."[2])

Aus diesem Bekenntnis ersehen wir, dass Stevenson sich entschlossen und fleissig bemühte, schreiben zu lernen, und dass er durch Nachahmung von Meistern des Stiles, durch "ventriloquial efforts" sein Ziel erreichte. In seinem sechsten Jahre dictierte er ein Leben Moses, im neunten beschrieb er seine Reisen in Perth, im dreizehnten versuchte er, nach Art des "Book of Snobs" den Bewohnern von Peebles Gerechtigkeit widerfahren zu lassen; als er sechzehn Jahre alt war (1866), erschien sein erstes gedrucktes Werk, ein Büchlein über den Aufstand in den Pentlands, im zwanzigsten und einundzwanzigsten Jahre schrieb er mehrere Essays, die später in der Edinburger Ausgabe gesammelt erschienen; um dieselbe Zeit veröffentlichte er auch einige

1) Memories and Portraits, 57.
2) Memories and Portraits, 59.

Artikel in dem "Edinburgh University Magazine." In seinem dreiundzwanzigsten Jahre trat er im "Portfolio" mit einem Essay über "Roads" in die breite Öffentlichkeit, worin er den Beweis lieferte, dass er schon damals Meister seiner Kunst war. Von der Zeit an liess er fortlaufend in verschiedenen Zeitschriften Aufsätze erscheinen; im Mai 1878 kam sein erstes Buch "An Inland Voyage" heraus. Ein so fleissiges Schaffen lässt auf eine sehr sorgfältig ausgenützte Lehrzeit schliessen, während der er Prosaiker und Dichter verschiedener Jahrhunderte nachahmte und sich in allen stilistischen Tonarten übte, um zu lernen "to preserve a fitting key of words", sei es den leichten Ton in "Apology for Idlers", sei es den ernsten in "Old Mortality." Erst als er eine so strenge Übungszeit hinter sich hatte, kam endlich der Erfolg, „Legionen von Wörtern strömten ihm zu, Dutzende von Wendungen stellten sich ihm zur Verfügung".

Diesen grossen Fleiss, diese gewissenhafte Anstrengung, die für Stevenson in seiner Jugend so bezeichnend sind, behielt er während seines ganzen Lebens bei. Nur selten konnte er, wie in Bezug auf „Treasure Island", sagen, dass ihm die Worte so mühelos aus der Feder flössen, wie leichtes Geplauder den Lippen entfliesst. Er feilte seine Prosa, wie Tennyson seine Gedichte und liess nur Arbeit bester Qualität aus seinen Händen gehen. In den „Vailima Letters" schreibt er folgendes: "In the South Sea Book I have fifty pages copied fair, some of which has been four times, and all twice written; certainly fifty pages of solid scriving inside a fortnight."[1]) Weiter sagt er: "As for my damned literature God knows what a business it is, grinding along without a scrap of inspiration or a note of style . . . . . The last two chapters [South Seas] have taken me considerably over a month, and they are still beneath pity."[2]) Weiterhin: "But it [The Ebbtide] goes slowly, as you may judge from the fact that these three weeks past, I have only struggled from page 58 to page 82; twenty four pages, 'et encore' sure to be rewritten, in twenty one days. This is no prize-taker; not much Waverley Novels about this!"[3]) Und zum Schlusse: "I was a

1) Vailima Letters 4.
2) „ „ 57.
3) „ „ 263.

living half-hour upon a single clause and have a gallery of variants that would surprise you."[1])

Man könnte Stevenson demnach vorwerfen, sein Stil sei nicht natürlich und deshalb nicht gut, ein Vorwurf, den er in seinem Essay über Stil zornig zurückweist mit den Worten: "That style is therefore the most perfect, not as fools say, which is the most natural, for the most natural is the disjointed babble of the chronicler; but which attains the highest degree of elegant and pregnant implication unobtrusively; or if obtrusively then with the greatest gain to sense and vigour."[2]) Und weiter in „Memories and Portraits", wo er dem Vorwurf eines Mangels an Originalität als Folge der Bekenntnisse seiner affenartigen Versuche begegnet: "Perhaps I hear some one cry out; But this is not the way to be original! It is not; nor is there any way but to be born so. Nor yet, if you are born original, is there anything in this training that shall clip the wings of your originality."[3])

Obgleich aber Stevenson keinen natürlichen Stil besass, obgleich er sich seinen Stil durch mühevolle Nachahmung errungen hatte, besass er doch entschieden seinen eigenen Stil. Er war nicht etwa ein blosser Nachahmer, vielmehr ein geborener Künstler, ein scharfer Beobachter, mit ausserordentlich lebendiger Phantasie begabt, mit einem höchst sensitiven Organismus ausgestattet, und einer hieraus entspringenden tiefen Liebe zur Natur, einer Liebe für die Wörter als solche, und einem Hass gegen alles Konventionelle und Abgedroschene, sowohl in der Kunst, als auch im Leben. Wie er es im Leben nicht über sich gewinnen konnte, eine fertige Philosophie und überlieferte Lebensregeln anzunehmen, so sträubte er sich in seiner Kunst dagegen, Wörter und Ausdrücke unbesehen hinzunehmen. Ein Liebhaber der Romantik war er auch in der Beziehung Romantiker, dass er sich nicht darauf einliess, den Wörtern ohne weiteres die Bedeutung zuzuerkennen, die sie im Laufe der Zeit angenommen hatten. Er erforschte selbstständig den Sinn jedes Wortes, und da er sich

1) Vailima Letters 271.
2) Essay on style, Contemporary Review, April 1885.
3) Memories and Portraits 62.

der sinnlichen Bilder, die den Wörtern zu Grunde liegen, sowie ihrer Geschichte voll bewusst war, so versuchte er, sie mit der ganzen Anregungs- und Assoziationskraft zu gebrauchen, die ihnen innewohnt, und ihnen ihre ursprüngliche Stärke wiederzugeben. Ihm galt es, jedes Wort zu neuem Leben zu erwecken.

In seiner sympathischen Würdigung Karls von Orleans, an dessen unverhüllter, ohne Künstelei ausgesprochener Gesinnung er Gefallen fand, finden wir die folgende charakteristische Stelle: "Perhaps, after too much of our florid literature, we find an adventitious charm in what is so different, and while the big drums are beaten every day by perspiring editors over the loss of a cock-boat or the rejection of a clause, and nothing is heard that is not proclaimed with sound of trumpet, it is not wonderful if we retire with pleasure into old books, and listen to authors who speak small and clear, as if in a private conversation."[1])

Diese Eigenschaft des Stiles war es, die Stevenson an der Bibel und an Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" anzog, und deren Einfluss sich in seinen Schriften bemerkbar macht. Von solchen Vorbildern beeinflusst, versuchte er, sich einen ruhigen Stil anzueignen.

Aber nicht nur der Bilder wegen, die ihm die Wörter enthüllten, liebte er sie, sondern sie waren ihm ebenso teuer um ihres Klanges willen. Während des Verlaufes seiner ganzen schriftstellerischen Thätigkeit können wir beobachten, wie er sich an der Schönheit der Wörter berauscht. "The Lord is gone up with a shout, and God with the sound of a trumpet .... rings still in my ear from my first childhood, and perhaps with something of my nurse's accent. There was possibly some sort of image written in my mind by these loud words, but I believe the words themselves were what I cherished. I had about the same time, and under the same influence — that of my dear nurse — a favourite author: it is possible the reader has not heard of him — the Rev. Robert Murray Mc. Cheyne. My nurse and I admired his name exceedingly, so that I must have been

1) Men and Books, 288.

taught the love of beautiful sounds before I was breeched.[1]) Anderswo heisst es: "Crimson lake (hark to the sound of it — Crimson lake! – the horns of elf land are not richer on the ear".[2]) Und weiter: "If the new Homer shall arise from the western Continent his verse will be enriched, his pages sing spontaneously, with the names of states and cities that would strike the fancy in a business circular."[3])

Und in dem Essay über „Beggars", wo er mit solcher Sympathie von dem alten Soldaten schreibt, dessen Lieblingsdichter Keats und Shelley waren, könnte man meinen, er rede von sich selbst. "What took him was a richness in the speech; he loved the exotic, the unexpected word; the moving cadence of a phrase; a vague sense of emotion (about nothing) in the very letters of the alphabet: the romance of language."[4])

Sein Leben lang war Stevenson auf der Suche nach Wörtern. Nach seinen Spaziergängen mit dem Schäfer auf den Pentland Hills kehrte er mit bereichertem Wortschatz nach Hause zurück. Seine Ausbildung als Ingenieur trug ihm andere Reichtümer ein. "I loved the art of words and the appearances of life; and 'travellers' and 'headers', and 'rubble', and polished ashlar, and 'pierres perdues', and even the thrilling question of the 'string-course' interested me only (if they interested me at all) as properties for some possible romance or as words to add to my vocabulary."[5])

Dank seinem feinen Ohr und der Liebe, die er, um der Gedanken willen, die sie in ihm anregten, für die Wörter empfand, gebot Stevenson über einen ungemein reichen Wortschatz, der sich auf alle Gebiete erstreckte, burschikose Ausdrücke, Matrosenjargon, schottischen Dialekt und classisches Englisch.

Ebenso wie er für das musikalische Element in den Wörtern empfänglich war, so auch für die Klänge der Natur. In seinen bewundernswerten Beschreibungen schildert er nicht nur, was

1) Edinburger Ausgabe, Band 21, 303.
2) Memories und Portraits, 219.
3) Across the Plains, 12.
4) Across the Plains, 257.
6) Across the Plains, 189.

er sieht, sondern auch, was er fühlt und hört. Dass er sich so an alle Sinne wendet, darin eben liegt das Eigenartige solcher Beschreibungen. Er sah "den grünlichen Schimmer eines winterlichen Sonnenunterganges", "das blaue Dunkel der Waldlichtung", fühlte "den heissen duftenden Hauch des Feldraines", und die Luft, "die kalt auf einen fiel, aber doch erfrischend und kräftigend war" (that struck chill but tasted good and vigorous in the nostrils"), er hörte "der Winde weithin wallendes Rauschen" (the wide rustle of the winds), den Klang des klappernden Eimers und das melodische Trapp-Trapp der Pferdehufe.

"You know Stevenson, don't you?" sagte Sir John Millais bei Tisch einmal zu Mr. Sidney Colvin. "Well, I wish you would tell him from me, if he cares to know, that to my mind he is the very first of living artists. I dont mean writers merely, but painters and all of us; nobody living can see with such an eye as that fellow, and nobody is such a master of his tools."[1]) Da ihm dies Zeugnis von einem der berühmtesten neueren Maler Englands ausgestellt wird, so ist es von grosser Bedeutung, denn es betont nachdrücklich ein wesentliches Element in Stevenson's geistiger Ausrüstung, seine starken, künstlerischen Instinkte.

Wir müssen uns nun zweitens fragen, was Stevenson unter einem guten Stil verstand. Der Wert, den er auf die Form im Vergleich zum Inhalte legt, ist ein erstaunlicher. Im Oktober 1879 schreibt er in einem Essay über Burns: "There is, indeed, only one merit worth considering in a man of letters — that he should write well; and only one damning fault — that he should write ill."[2]) Und 1882 in Fontainebleau: „The love of words and not a desire to publish new discoveries, the love of form and not a novel reading of historical events, mark the vocation of the writer and the painter.[3])

Von seinen Werken lässt sich sagen, dass einerseits seine früheren Essays und Bücher, ins besondere die zwei Reisebeschreibungen, ihre Beliebtheit mehr dem Reiz des Stiles, als

1) Letters to his Family and Friends, Band I. XXVIII.
2) Men and Books, 86.
3) Across the Plains, 114.

dem Inhalte verdanken, und andererseits, dass seine späteren Werke, namentlich seine romantischen Erzählungen, trotz des durchweg vorzüglichen Stiles, mehr des Inhaltes wegen gelesen und geschätzt werden. Und obgleich die Langsamkeit, womit Stevenson bis zu seinem letzten Lebenstage arbeitete, von der gewissenhaften Sorgfalt des Künstlers zeugt, der nur sein Bestes geben möchte, so darf man doch wohl bezweifeln, ob er in seiner späteren Laufbahn so ausgesprochen und unbedingt die Form über den Inhalt gestellt hätte.

In dem schon erwähnten Essay erörtert Stevenson die Elemente und Qualitäten des Stiles und enthüllt so die Geheimnisse seiner Methode. Er legt seinen Ausführungen folgende Einteilung zu Grunde: 1. Wörter; 2. Gewebe und Muster (web and pattern); 3. Rhythmus; 4. Inhalt des Satzes. Die Wörter sollen in Bezug auf den Gegensatz, den sie ausdrücken können, passend ausgewählt, und ihre ursprüngliche Stärke soll ihnen wiedergegeben werden. Das Gewebe, das Muster muss mannigfaltig sein. Das Muster muss in die Augen fallen, die Anordnung muss logisch sein, und eine elegante und prägnante Textur aufweisen. Das schliesst auch die Eigenschaft der gedrängten Kürze in sich, deren Notwendigkeit er anderswo in seinen Werken betont. In einer Kritik von Lord Lytton's Fabeln schreibt er: "There is here nothing of that compression which is the note of a really sovereign style."[1]) Und wiederum in einem Brief an Archer: "Why was Jenkin [Professor Jenkin, Edinburgh] an amateur in my eyes? ...... The reason is this: I never, or almost never, saw two pages of his work that I could not have put in one without the smallest loss of material. That is the only test I know of writing. If there is anywhere a thing said in two sentences that could have been as clearly, and as engagingly and as forcibly said in one then it's amateur work."[2]) Und schliesslich: "There is but one art — to omit! Oh if I knew how to omit, I would ask no other knowledge. A man who knew how to omit would make an Iliad of a daily paper."[3])

1) Edinburger Ausgabe XXI. 244.
2) Letters to his Family and Friends II. 3.
3) Letters to his Family and Friends I. 289.

Die Prosa muss drittens rhythmisch sein, aber nie metrisch, da der Takt eines üblichen Metrums das Ohr verletzt Aber doch muss, wie bei einer Melodie oder einem Recitativ, das Ohr durch Sätze oder Perioden, die aus langen und kurzen, aus betonten und unbetonten Teilen kunstvoll ineinander gefügt sind, befriedigt werden. Aus dem vierten Teile, Inhalt der Sätze, muss ich ausführlicher zitieren, da viele der unter "Melodie" angeführten Beispiele das illustrieren, was Stevenson hier verlangt. "Each phrase in literature", schreibt er, „is built of sounds, as each phrase in music consists of notes. One sound suggests, echoes, demands, and harmonizes with another; and the art of rightly using these concordances is the final art of literature..... The beauty of the contents of a phrase or of a sentence, depends implicitly upon alliteration and upon assonance. The vowel demands to be repeated; the consonant demands to be repeated; and both cry aloud to be perpetually varied. You may follow the adventure of a letter through any passage that has particularly pleased you, find it, perhaps, denied awhile to tantalize the ear; find it fired against you in a whole broadside; or find it pass into congenerous sounds, one liquid or labial melting away into another."

Stevenson analysiert dann eingehend Stellen aus Skakespeare, Milton und Coleridge. In einer aus Milton's "Areopagitica" gewählten Stelle: "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue etc", weist er auf die Allitteration mit p (b), v und f hin, für die Milton eine Vorliebe hatte, auf den wiederholten Gebrauch der Konsonanten r und s, und auf die Häufung von Dentalen, mit denen der Satz schliesst, und die der mit ernster Würde beginnenden Stelle die Wucht eines Hammerschlages verleihen. In den Beispielen, die ich weiterhin aus Stevenson zitieren werde, finden wir diese Kunstgriffe reichlich angewandt, kommt doch auf Seite 82 und 83 in "Memories and Portraits" Allitteration mit p (b), v und f fast zum Überdrusse vor. In seinen spätern Werken, und besonders in den romantischen Erzählungen, bedient er sich dieses Kunstmittels nur noch selten.

Es bleibt mir noch übrig, auf die Veränderungen hinzuweisen, die sich in Stevenson's Stil bemerkbar machen. Seine

erste gedruckte Schrift, "The Pentland Rising", war für einen sechszehnjährigen Jüngling eine merkwürdig gute Leistung. Antithese und Parallelismus werden hier geschickt verwandt, und namentlich eine Naturbeschreibung zeigt des Künstlers Vorliebe für die Farbe, gar nichts dagegen in dem Werkchen verrät den zukünftigen Meister des Stiles. In seinen frühesten Essays, die zunächst ungedruckt blieben, bis sie später in der Edinburger Ausgabe gesammelt erschienen, "Nuits Blanches" "Wreath of Immortelles" u. s w. sehen wir den Jüngling seine geliebten Wörter zierlich zusammenreihen. In den Essays im "Edinburgh University Magazine" mit Ausnahme von "An Old Gardener" und "A Pastoral" ist kein Fortschritt zu bemerken. Eine Vorliebe für veraltete Ausdrücke wie "to wit", "to boot", "certes", "o' nights" ist bezeichnend; später macht er von diesen Ausdrücken niemals wieder Gebrauch. Der Essay "Roads" (1873) offenbart zum ersten Male den ausgezeichneten Stilisten; als klarer und wohlklingender Prosaiker war er damals schon würdig, seinen Platz unter den ersten Schriftstellern einzunehmen. Eine Zeit lang wählte er seine Themata aus der Natur und suchte dabei offenbar nach passenden Gegenständen, an denen er seine Geschicklichkeit im Gebrauch der Wörter geltend machen konnte. Sein erstes Buch "An Inland Voyage" (Mai 1878), trug dem Verfasser viel Lob und viel Tadel ein, da der zierliche, wohlklingende Stil einige Leser anzog, während sich andere durch die Manieriertheiten abgestossen fühlten. Im Jahre 1879 erschien das zweite seiner "two little affected books of travel" [1]), wie er sie in einem Briefe an den Kritiker James Archer nennt, "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes." Den Hauptfehler in diesen Büchern kann man am besten mit dem Worte „flötend" (fluting) [2]) bezeichnen, das er in einer Unterhaltung mit seiner Stieftochter Mabel Strong zur Kennzeichnung seines früheren Stiles selbst gebrauchte. Unter "fluting" verstand er eine Neigung zu weichlicher, wohlklingender Schreibweise ohne Kraft. In diesen beiden Werken fällt hier und da

1) Letters to his Family and Friends Vol. I. 365.

2) Vailima Table Talk, Scribner's Magazine, May 96.

der allzu häufige Gebrauch der Inversion auf; er schreibt "tis", "twas"; solche archaische Formen wie "a-field", "a-bed", "a-cold". ein Windstoss kommt "out of the quarter of the morning" oder "out of the seat of the sunrise", und er liegt in einem Kiefernwald "between four and five thousand feet towards the stars."

Dann hat er wieder rein formale Manieriertheiten. Das zweite Wort des "Inland Voyage" "equip". ist mit grossen Buchstaben geschrieben, und Daten. Ort- und Personenangaben werden immer schräg gedruckt, eine Affectation, die er offenbar Laurence Sterne abgesehen und in der Edinburger Ausgabe wieder aufgegeben hat. Das sind immerhin unbedeutende Fehler. Die Glätte, Klarheit und Anmut seines Stiles dagegen sind Vorzüge, die allgemeine Anerkennung fanden.

Dieser „neat, brisk little style" [1]), wie er ihn selbst bezeichnete, machte sich in seinen späteren Werken kaum bemerkbar, und „Treasure Island" seine erste, 1882 erschienene, romantische Erzählung war vollständig frei von Manieriertheiten. Dies Werk zeichnet sich durch gedrängte Kürze und Präzision des Stiles aus und bildet so ein treffendes Beispiel „der Tugend des Masshaltens, die das Rüstzeug des Künstlers ist." [2]) In seinen späteren Arbeiten sind ausser der Glätte, der Klarheit und dem Wohlklang auch diese Einfachheit der Schreibweise charakteristisch. Er ist erstaunt, dass Archer die Veränderung in seinem Stile nicht bemerkt hat: "My aim even in style has quite changed in the last six or seven years; and this I should have thought you would have noticed" [3]), und weiterhin sagt er: "I am vexed you should not have remarked on my attempted change of manner; seemingly this attempt is still quite unsuccessful." Teilweise war ja der Versuch verfehlt, und zwar deshalb, weil Stevenson, in den Essays wenigstens, immer darauf auszugehen schien, dass seine Leser zunächst den Stil und dann erst den Inhalt beachten sollten. Seiner Kunst merkte man noch zu sehr die Absicht an.

1) Letters to his Family and Friends, Band I. 371.
2) Memories and Portraits, 241.
3) Letters to his Family and Friends I. 365.

Seit seinem Aufenthalt in Samoa tritt die Neigung zu einem einfacheren, kräftigeren Stile mehr hervor. Die Bücher "Island Night s'Entertainment", "The Ebbtide" und die unvollendete romantische Erzählung "Weir of Hermiston" illustrieren diese Neigung am besten. Auf alle diese Schriften verwandte er die grösste Sorgfalt; die letzte besonders zeigt eine Kraft des Ausdruckes, eine Reife und einen Reichtum der Sprache, von denen in seinen früheren Büchern nichts zu merken war. Dies Buch, in der Auffassung das bedeutendste aller seiner Werke, ist auch in seinem besten Stil gehalten, und bildet einen passenden Schluss zu der litterarischen Arbeit eines Mannes, der es in seiner Liebe zur Schönheit und Wahrheit von Anfang bis zu Ende nicht über sich gewinnen konnte, der Welt etwas zu geben, was an das Ideal nicht heranreichte, dem er nachstrebte, der damit für die englische Prosa einen höheren Massstab schuf und sich durch seinen durchsichtigen, leichtflüssigen und prägnanten Stil einen Platz unter den ersten gesichert hat.

Teil II.

Untersuchung der charakteristischen Eigenschaften von Stevensons Stil.

A. „Elemente" des Stiles.

1. Wörter.
2. Sätze.
3. Redefiguren.

1. Wörter.

Die folgenden Beispiele illustrieren, was Stevenson darunter verstand, den Wörtern ihre ursprüngliche Stärke wiederzugeben.

Anwendung der Wörter: α) in ihrer ursprünglichen, etymologischen Bedeutung,

β) im etymologischen Sinne, mit Hinzunahme der erworbenen, neueren Bedeutung.

α.

1. Sensible darkness. Nuits Blanches, 71.
2. In this sensible, roaring blackness.
   Travels with a Donkey, 54.
3. Little trepidations of direction.
   Roads, 119.
4. The same punctual instant of time.
   Edinburgh, 73.
5. Queen Mary . . . bathed in white wine to entertain her loveliness.
   Ibid., 130.
6. A crystal of wit, so polished that the dull do not perceive it, but so right that the sensitive are silenced.
   Memories and Portraits, 166.
7. This distant, circling rumour. Across The Plains, 81.
8. The rumour of the turbulent sea. Ibid., 193.

9. Out of the green, I shot at once into a glory of rosy, almost of sanguine light. Ibid. 201.
10. And [these fortunate young gentlemen would] delight themselves with inappropriate talk. Ibid., 215.
["Inappropriate" statt "improper" gebraucht.]
11. Each miserable shiverer . . . was torn for some minutes by that cruel ecstasy. Ebb Tide, 10.
12. She . . . came to her maturity depressed, and, as it were, defaced. Weir of Hermiston, 6.
13. By the iniquity of fate, she had passed through her youth alone. Ibid., 106.
14. Their faces splendid with much soap. Ibid., 159.

β.

1. The officious knocking at my door. Nuits Blanches, 37.
2. He [the ox] followed us with a ruminating look. Travels with a Donkey, 43.
3. Tremendous neighbourhood. Virginibus Puerisque, 155.
4. A sedate electrician somewhere in a back office touches a spring. Ibid., 276.
5. The two withdrew to the bar, where I presume the debt was liquidated. Across the Plains, 72.
6. The air of a marsh darkened with insects, will sometimes check our breathing, so that we aspire for cleaner places. Ibid., 291.

Vorsilben.

A. Vorsilbe "be-".

Eine Vorliebe für den Gebrauch der Vorsilbe "be-", um einem Worte transitive Bedeutung zu geben, ist charakteristisch. Beispiele:

1. A great, piled, summer cumulus . . beshadows them. Bagster's Pilgrim's Progress 260.
2. A row of trees beshadowed it. John Nicolson, 66.
3. The tree-beshadowed thoroughfares. Prince Otto, 198.
4. They beshadow a great field. Across the Plains, 118.
5. Snow-bedabbled darkling woods. John Nicolson 66.
6, Black-trap, sparsely bedabbled with an inconspicuous fucus. Memories and Portraits, 136.
7. Gables bestridden by smooth white roofs. Autumn Effects, 163.
8. Grave judges sit bewigged. Edinburgh, 9.

9. Be wigged and habited in scarlet. Memories and Portraits, 40.
10. Still fragrant and still flower-be spangled. Silverado Squatters, 3.
11. It [the hunting suit] was all be fringed. Ibid., 72.
12. Pine-be scattered ridges. Ibid., 58.
13. I had never been so be- Davided since I came on board. Kidnapped, 41.
14. In his be mused intelligence. John Nicolson, 46.
15. After having be mused myself over Daniel Deronda. Virginibus Puerisque, 55.
16. The adopted stable-boy be mused himself with silence. Merry Men, 251.
17. Davis sat like one be mused. Ebbtide, 110.
18. The German Commodore who visited and be titled Tamasese. Footnote to History, 52.
19. To preserve a corner of green country un-be devilled. Edinburgh, 163.
20. Gloomy and be devilled thoughts. Travels with a Donkey, 180.
21. Food so be devilled by unskilful cookery. Prince Otto, 30.
22. Savage anger and contempt of death and decency that be devil'd and inspired the army. Across the Plains, 262.
23. In his be devilled and dishonoured soul. Ebbtide, 159.
24. It is not be dotted with artists' sunshades. Forest Notes, 205.
25. Gashed and be knived. Inland Voyage, 51.
26. Commercial palaces all be flagged. Edinburgh, 11.

Von den zitierten Beispielen sind "bemused", "betitled" und "bedevilled" verhältnismässig selten. Über den Gebrauch von "bemused" vergleiche Pope (1735). Prol. Sat. 15; Hugh Miller, First Impressions (1861) XIX, 265; Mc. Carthy, Own Times XXX, 3, 2. Über den Gebrauch von "betitled" vergleiche Carlyle, Miscellanies III, 82 und Frederick the Great II, VI, III, 163. "Bedevilled" in der Bedeutung von "treated diabolically" ist bei Sterne, Sent. Jour. (1775) I, 34 zu finden; bei Bryon, English Bards (Ed. 2), Postscr.; in der Bedeutung von "possessed of a devil" (Beispiel 20) bei Carlyle, Sart. Res. III, 111; Thackeray, Four Georges I, 45; in der Bedeutung von "driven frantic" (Beispiele 22, 23) bei Southey, Letters (1856) IV, 92; Hawthorne, Blithed Rom. II, 111, 61. Die drei Wörter "bedotted", "beknived" und "beflagged" sind Stevenson eigen. Vergleiche N. E. Dictionary (Murray).

B. Vorsilbe dis-.

Die folgenden Beispiele des Gebrauches dieser Vorsilbe sind bemerkenswert:

1. Discomfortable thoughts. — Amateur Emigrant, 33.
2. Discomfortable mountains. — Bagster's Pilgrim's Progress, 263.
3. Discomfortable day. — Merry Men, 53.
4. In his discomfortable house. — Across the Plains, 218.
5. Recently disforested. — Travels with a Donkey, 41.
6. Sophisticated and disbloomed. — Memories and Portraits, 45.
7. Exploit that disconsidered a young man for good. — John Nicolson.
8. The man was now disconsidered. — Master of Ballantrae, 27.

Von diesen ist "discomfortable" in der Bedeutung von "lacking in material comfort" (Beispiel 4) noch gebräuchlich, wenn auch selten, während es in der Bedeutung von "lacking in comfort or happiness", "comfortless" (Beispiele 1, 2, 3) veraltet ist (vgl. Donne, 1622). "Disbloomed" und "disconsidered" scheinen nur bei Stevenson vorzukommen.

"Must" als Präteritum.

Es finden sich folgende Beispiele von "must" als Präteritum, einer Form, deren Stevenson sich gelegentlich bediente.

1. The steerage passengers must remain on board to pass through Castle Gardens — but we made our escape. — Amateur Emigrant, 98.
2. The worst enemy must admit him to be a man without malice; he never bore a grudge in his life. — Story of a lie, 334.
3. It was but an unhomely refuge that the woods afforded, where they must abide all change of weather. — Forest Notes, 187.
4. Of old, he might say, you drubbed me up hill and down dale, and I must endure. — Inland Voyage, 86.
5. I must put the water to my lips before I could believe it to be truly salt. — Kidnapped 72.
6. The weather was there so warm that I must keep the windows open. — Across the Plains 191.
7. I blew out sideways like an autumn leaf, and must be hauled in. — Ibid., 199.
8. Hay remained on the hospitable field and must be carried to bed. — Weir of Hermiston, 102.

Mit dieser Konstruktion vergleiche man das folgende Beispiel von "ought" als Präteritum, das in den "Vailima Letters"

22 vorkommt: Henry had cleared a great deal of our bush on contract, and it ought to be measured.

In allen diesen Fällen wird "must" als Präteritum des Präsens "must" = "I am obliged to" in direkten, nicht abhängigen Sätzen gebraucht. — Andere Schriftsteller hätten wohl geschrieben "had to", "was (were) obliged to". Vgl. Englische Studien 28, 294—309.

Sätze.

Vermeidung des Relativpronomens.

Ich halte es nicht für nötig, Beispiele zu geben, die Stevenson's gedrängte Kürze illustrieren, eine von Stevenson so stark betonte Eigenschaft (vgl. S. 17), die er mit andern guten Schriftstellern gemein hat. Diese Kürze bildet von Anfang an eine charakteristische Eigenschaft seiner Schriften, und er erreicht sie, ohne die Klarheit aufzuopfern.

Die folgenden Beispiele zeigen einen auffälligen Zug in Stevenson's Satzbau, nämlich die Vermeidung des zu häufigen Gebrauches des Relativpronomens durch Anwendung des Part. Perf. mit nachfolgender Präposition:

1. The garden all hovered over by white butterflies. Autumn Effects, 156.
2. All flushed and flickered over by the light of a brisk companionable fire. Ibid., 163.
3. Every valley wandered through by a streamlet. Forest Notes, 194.
4. Your tree stands in a hollow . . . scattered over with rocks and junipers. Ibid., 196.
5. Green turf, browsed over by some sheep. Edinburgh, 124.
6. The valley . . . stepped over by the High North Bridge. Ibid., 134.
7. Her big red face, crawled over by half a dozen flies. Silverado Squatters, 12.
8. Great elms or chestunts, humming with bees and nested in by song birds. Ibid., 42.
9. Reason, blown upon by these gusts of terror. Prince Otto, 243.
10. Mr. Harry Desborough lodged in the fine and grave old quarter of Bloomsbury roared about on every side by the high tides of London. Dynamiter, 209.

11. A certain sunless dingle of elders, all mossed over by the damp as green as grass. Across the Plains, 208.
12. The green down of foliage, hummed through by winds and nested in by nightingales. Ibid., 225.
13. His body was covered over with grey hairs and crawled over by flies. Island Nights' Entertainments, 10.
14. Kirstie, cried about by the curlew and the plover. Weir of Hermiston, 226.

Redefiguren.

Ich habe aus Stevenson's Essays and Erzählungen alles ausgewählt, was ich für die besten und charakteristischsten Beispiele seines Gebrauches der Metapher und des Similes halte. Wiewohl er in der Anwendung figürlicher Redeweise besonderes Geschick zeigt, so kann man doch nicht gerade behaupten, dass er einen übertriebenen Gebrauch davon macht. Durchgeführte, überschwängliche Metaphern kommen bei ihm selten vor.

a) Metaphern.

1. The army of Wallace was enveloped in the embrace of a hideous boa-constrictor - tightening, closing, crushing every semblance of life from the victim enclosed in its toils. Pentland Rising, 20.
2. It was perhaps the consciousness of this, the knowledge that I was being anointed already out of the vials of his wrath, that made me fall to criticising the critic. Satirist, 32.
3. He has grown great in his own estimation, not by blowing himself out, and risking the fate of Aesop's frog, but simply by the habitual use of a diminishing-glass on everybody else. Ibid., 34.
4. The success of three simple sentences lures us into a fatal parenthesis in the fourth, from whose shut brackets we may never disentangle the thread of our discourse. Debating Societies, 69.
5. It is as a means of melting down this museum of premature petrifactions into living and impressionable soul that we wish to insist on their [debating societies] utility. Ibid., 71.
6. I could have thought that he [Hazlitt] had been eavesdropping at the doors of my heart, so entire was the coincidence between his writing and my thought. A Retrospect, 89.
7. At the same time there came one of those brief discharges of moonlight, which leaped into the opening. Ibid., 112.
8. The fields were all sheeted up: they were tucked in among the snow, and their shape was modelled through the pliant counterpane, like children tucked in by a fond mother. A Winter's Walk, 170.

9. The Royal Nautical Sportsman bridled, shied, answered the question, and then breasted once more into the swelling tide of his subject. Inland Voyage, 28.
10. Cynicism is . . . the cold tub and bath-towel of the sentiments. Ibid., 48.
11. But some woods are more coquettish in their habits; and the breath of the forest of Mormal, as it came abroad upon us that showery afternoon, was perfumed with nothing less delicate than sweetbriar. Ibid., 76.
12. The sea has a rude pistolling sort of odour. Ibid., 75.
13. But acres on acres full of such patriarchs [trees] contiguously rooted their green tops billowing in the wind, their stalwart younglings pushing up about their knees: a whole forest, healthy and beautiful, giving colour to the light, giving perfume to the air: what is this but the most composing piece in nature's repertory. Ibid., 76, 77.
14. The weather next day was simply bedlamite. Ibid., 83.
15. They [hospitable graces] make ordinary moments ornamental. Ibid., 88.
16. The river made one of its leonine pounces round a corner. Ibid., 111.
17. I never saw such a petard of a man. Ibid., 133.
18. Into this [the kitchen], the inmost shrine, and physiological heart of a hostelry. Ibid., 153.
19. Here ended the adolescence of the Oise; this was his marriage day; thenceforward he had a stately, brimming march, conscious of his own dignity and sundry dams. Ibid., 179.
20. His soul is small and pedestrian. Ibid., 222.
21. A symphony in forget-me-not; I think Théophile Gautier might thus have characterised that two days' panorama. Ibid., 235.

Dieses Zitat bezieht sich auf die grünen Ufer der Oise, die blauen Kleider der Wäscherinnen und die blauen Blousen der Bauern.

22. The Old Town is ... from a picturesque point of view, the liver-wing of Edinburgh. Edinburgh, 21.
23. You would have thought he was niched by that time into a safe place in life. Ibid., 35.
24. Praying aloud for each other's penitence with marrowy emphasis. Ibid., 71.
25. The sun picks out the white Pharos upon Inchkeith Island. Ibid., 137.
26. He began to lace Modestine [the donkey] about the sternwork. Travels with a Donkey, 17.
27. The sky still wore the orange of the dawn. Ibid., 37.

28. A fine, busy, breathing, rustic landscape. Ibid.. 43.
29. Woods of birch all jewelled with the autumn yellow. Ibid., 48.
30. I could hear . . . the leaves churning through half a mile of forest. Ibid., 60.
31. To love is the great amulet which makes the world a garden; and 'hope, which comes to all', outwears the accidents of life, and reaches with tremulous hand beyond the grave and death. Ibid., 209.
32. Strange was the position of this little Catholic metropolis, a thimbleful of Rome, in such a wild and contrary neighbourhood. Ibid., 215.
33. I have always suspected public taste to be a mongrel product, out of affectation by dogmatism. Virginibus Puerisque, 13.
34. But he [the ship-captain] is just the worst man [to marry] if the feeling is more pedestrian. Ibid., 21.
35. But the speech of the ideal talker shall correspond and fit upon the truth of fact not clumsily, obscuring lineaments, — like a mantle, but cleanly adhering, like an athlete's skin. Ibid., 67.
36. He [the invalid] seems to himself to touch things with muffled hands, and to see them through a veil. His life becomes a palsied fumbling after notes that are silent when he has found and struck them. Ibid., 134.
37. And so life is carried forward beyond life, and a vista kept open for the eyes of hope, even when his hands grope already on the face of the impassable. Ibid., 148.
38. Dugald Stewart's woolly and evasive periods. Ibid., 208.
39. Adamantine drollery. Ibid., 212.
40. Sensation does not count for so much in our first years as afterwards: something of the swaddling numbness of infancy clings about us; we see and touch and hear through a sort of golden mist. Ibid., 224.
41. It is, in some ways, but a pedestrian fancy that the child exhibits. Ibid., 231.
42. Many holes, drilled in the conical turret-roof of this vagabond Pharos, let up spouts of dazzlement into the bearer's eyes; and as he paced forth into the ghostly darkness, carrying his own sun by a ring about his finger, day and night swung to and fro and up and down about his footsteps. Ibid., 271.
43. And for not much longer shall we watch him [the lamplighter] speeding up the street and, at measured intervals knocking another luminous hole into the dusk. Ibid., 275.
44. This terror incarnates itself sometimes and leaps horribly out upon us. Men and Books, 19.
45. The pathos of the forlorn sabot laid trustingly by the chimney in expectation of the Santa Claus that was not, takes us fairly by the throat. Ibid., 20.

46. Mr. Carlyle made an inimitable bust of the poet's head of gold; may I not be forgiven if my business should have more to do with the feet, which were of clay? Ibid., 41.
47. Nor [is it] the less melancholy that a man who first attacked literature with a hand that seemed capable of moving mountains should have spent his later years in whittling cherry-stones. Ibid., 75.
48. Upon that subject gall squirts from him at a touch. Ibid., 136.
49. .... if we could only write near enough to the facts, and yet with no pedestrian calm. Ibid., 153.
50. The radiant persuasion of the man had gained him many and sincere disciples. Ibid., 176.
51. That radiant persuasion .... enthralled and converted the common soldier. Ibid., 179.
52. He was a pale, tallowy creature. Treasure Island, 14.
53. The old mahogany-faced seaman. Ibid., 104.
54. One of the great ships below began silently to clothe herself with white sails. Silverado Squatters, 4.
55. The floor of the valley is extremely level to the very roots of the hills. Ibid., 9,
56. The old land is still the true love, the others are but pleasant infidelities. Ibid., 23.
57. [He] took himself solemnly away radiating dirt and humbug as he went. Ibid., 27.
58. Close at the zenith rode the belated moon, still clearly visible, and, along one margin, even bright. The wind blew a gale from the north; the trees roared; the corn and the green grass in the valley fled in whitening surges; the dust towered into the air along the road and dispersed like the smoke of battle. Ibid., 33.
59. The athletic opposition of the wind. Ibid., 35.
60. If I were sleeping heavily it was the bold blue that struck me awake. Ibid., 74.
61. The whole ear of night [would] appear to be gloating on her steps. Prince Otto., 242.
62. The grass too, short as is was, and the whole winding staircase of the brook's course began to wear a solemn freshness of appearance. Ibid. 245.
63. The shadows leaped from their ambush. Ibid., 246.
64. The seizing freshness of the dew. Ibid., 247.
65. The young lady, with a grateful eye-shot, vanished round the corner The Dynamiter., 21.
66. He stood in the midst of these tottering and clay-faced marionettes. Ibid., 31.
67. It [the bell] had a thin and garrulous note. Ibid., 85.

68. Something eminently human beaconed from his eye.
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, 1.
69. An ivory-faced and silvery-haired old woman opened the door.
Ibid., 43.
70. A pale moon lying on her back as though the wind had tilted her.
Ibid., 72.
71. I sat in the sun on a bench; the animal within me licking the chops of memory. Ibid., 138.
72. He was a mean, stooping, narrow-shouldered, clay-faced creature.
Kidnapped, 15.
73. From time to time his eyes came coasting round to me and he shot out one of his questions. Ibid., 17.
74. The happiest ten hours of sleep in a fine breathing sunshine and on bone-dry ground that I have ever tasted. Ibid., 111.
75. And [he] watched the clouds that travelled forth upon the sluggish wind and trailed their purple shadows on the plain. The Merry Men. 77.
76. He listened to all she uttered, and read her eyes at the same time for the unspoken commentary. Ibid., 87.
77. Markheim, smitten into ice, glanced at the dead man. Ibid., 119.
78. He threw a ton's weight of resolve upon his muscles and threw back the door. Ibid., 122.
79. A lad so shuttle-witted. Ibid., 167.
80. His face stricken ashy and dotted nith needle points of sweat.
Ibid., 169.
81. She followed me with her great thirsting eyes. Ibid., 186.
82. So we stood for a second, all our life in our eyes. exchanging salvos of attraction and yet each resisting. Ibid., 191.
83. The wind had fallen, but still charioted a world of troubled clouds.
Ibid., 288.
84. I grill in my blood over the silly rudeness of our newspaper articles.
Memories and Portraits, 6.
85. These uncouth, umbrageous students. Ibid., 18.
86. Britain is altogether small, the mere taproot of her extended empire.
Ibid.. 20.
87. Thus I lived with words. Ibid., 57.
88. My innumerable gouty-footed lyrics. Ibid., 60.
89. But enough has been said to show .... in what purely ventriloquial efforts I first saw my words on paper. Ibid.. 61.
90. And [that nameless trickle] is then kidnapped in its infancy by subterranean pipes. Ibid., 92.
91. And thus ancient out-door crafts and occupations, whether Mr. Hardy wields the shepherd's crook or Count Tolstoi swings the scythe, lift romance into a near neighbourhood with epic. These aged things

have on them the dew of man's morning: they lie near, not so much to us, the semi-artificial flowerets, as to the trunk and aboriginal taproot of the race. Ibid., 103.

92. I must choose the season also, so that the valley may be brimmed like a cup with sunshine and the song of birds. Ibid., 107.
93. Then fell a crystal quiet. Ibid., 125.
94. Such argument as is proper to the exercise should still be brief and seizing. Ibid., 151.
95. The very clothes uttering voices to corroborate the story in the face, Ibid., 151.
96. You would think he must have worn the words next to his skin and slept with them. Ibid., 163.
97. He is a .... Skye. as black as a hat, with a wet bramble for a nose and two cairngorms for eyes. Ibid., 201.
98. He shot a covert glance, black with suspicion, at Dick's face. Black Arrow, 17.
99. See there how shuttle-witted are these girls. Ibid.. 21.
100. I did but take a shot of the eye at Master Matcham. Ibid., 22.
101. The crowd began to move, heavily straining through itself. Across The Plains. 5.
102. We all pigged and stewed in one infamy. Ibid., 63.
103. The incommunicable thrill of things, that is the tuning-fork by which we test the flatness of our art. Ibid., 141.
104. At the town entry, the gendarme culled him like a wayside flower. Ibid., 160.
105. [She] cursed us in a shrill voice and with a marrowy choice of language. Ibid., 212.
106. The wind plucking his blanket. Ibid., 296,
107. I am now on a burning question; the labour traffic; and I shall ask permission in this place only to touch it with the tongs. Footnote to History, 30.
108. The beach twinkled with the flags of nations. Ibid., 126.
109. First the seizure and next the proclamation seem to have burst on the English Consul from a clear sky. Ibid., 233.
110. A certain lifting in her voice had knocked directly at the door of my own tears. Catriona, 43.
111. A very hearty, friendly tarpaulin of a man. Ibid., 87.
112. The exuberant daylight and the blinding heaven of the tropics picked out and framed the pictures. Ebbtide, 53.
113. Their eyes dug in the deep shadow of the palms for some one hiding. Ibid., 126.
114. Her frosted sentiment bloomed again. Weir of Hermiston, 15.
115. Her view of history was wholly artless, a design in snow and ink. Ibid., 16.

116. Persecutor was a word that knocked upon the woman's heart. Ibid., 16.

117. These texts made her body of divinity: she put them on in the morning with her clothes and lay down to sleep with them at night. Ibid., 19.

118. Their minister was a marrowy expounder of the law. Ibid., 19.

119. A whey-coloured, misbegotten caitiff. Ibid., 47.

120. This adamantine Adam. Ibid., 66.

121. Next she had plucked her gaze home again like a tame bird who should have meditated flight. Ibid., 157.

122. She looked upon him with a subdued twilight look, that became the hour of the day and the train of thought. Ibid., 193.

123. All night she seemed to be conveyed smoothly upon a shallow stream of sleeping and waking. Ibid., 200.

Eine Untersuchung der angeführten Metaphern weist folgende charakteristische Kennzeichen auf:

1. Eine geschickte Verwendung (a) des metaphorischen Verbums zum Ausdruck einer plötzlichen Thätigkeit. Vergleiche:

7. Discharges of moonlight, which leaped into the opening.
44. This terror ..... leaps horribly out upon us.
63. The shadows leaped from their ambush.
48. Gall squirts from him at a touch.
60. It was the bold blue that struck me awake.
73. He shot out one of his questions.
98. He shot a covert glance.
79. Smitten into ice.
80. His face stricken ashy.
90. [That nameless little trickle] is then kidnapped.
106. The wind plucking his blanket.
121. She had plucked her gaze home again.
113. Their eyes dug in the deep shadow.

(b) einen ungemein exakten Gebrauch des metaphorischen Verbums in den folgenden Beispielen:

23. He was niched by that time into a safe place in life.
25. The sun picks out the white Pharos upon Inchkeith island.
26. He began to lace Modestine about the sternwork.
112. The exuberant daylight and the blinding heaven of the tropics picked out and framed tho pictures.

B. Des metaphorischen Adjektivs — vergleiche:

12. The sea has a rude, pistolling sort of odour.
64. The seizing freshness of the dew.
94. Such argument ..... should be brief and seizing.

C. Des metaphorischen Substantivs — vergleiche:

17. I never saw such a petard of a man.
65. With a grateful eye-shot.
100. I did but take a shot of the eye at Master Matcham.

2. Eine ausgesprochene Neigung zur Personifikation. Stevenson personifiziert Wälder, Flüsse, Himmel, Mond, Sonnenschein, Nacht, Landschaft, die Natur im allgemeinen, in den Beispielen 31 und 37 die Hoffnung, in 54 ein Schiff, in 56 sein Vaterland, in 87 die Wörter und in 95 die Kleidung. Vergleiche:

11. But some woods are more coquettish in their habits; and the breath of the forest of Mormal etc.
13. But acres on acres of such patriarchs [trees] .... their stalwart younglings pushing up about their knees.
19. Here ended the adolesence of the Oise, this was his marriage day etc.
27. The sky still wore the orange of the dawn.
28. A ...... breathing .. landscape.
29. Woods ... all jewelled with the autumn yellow.
61. The whole ear of night [would] appear to be gloating on her steps.
70. A pale moon lying on her back etc.
74. A fine breathing sunshine.
31. Hope ..... reaches with tremulous hands etc.
37. The eyes of hope.
54. One of the great ships below began silently to clothe herself with white sails.
56. The old is still the true love, the others are but pleasant infidelities.
87. I lived with words.
95. The very clothes uttering voices.

3. Kurze, bildliche Beschreibungen von Personen. Vergleiche:

52. A pale, tallowy creature.
53. The old mahagony-faced seaman.
66. Clay-faced marionettes.
69. An ivory-faced, silvery-haired old woman.
72. A ..... clay-faced creature.
85. Umbrageous students.
111. A ... friendly tarpaulin of a man.
120. A whey-coloured, misbegotten caitiff.

4. Mehrere Fälle der Wiederholung desselben bildlichen Wortes. Vergleiche:

A. 20. His soul is small and pedestrian.
34. If the feeling is more pedestrian.
41. A pedestrian fancy.
49. With no pedestrian calm.

B. 24. Marrowy emphasis.
105. A marrowy choice of language.
118. A marrowy expounder of the law.

C. 66. Clay-faced marionettes.
72. A clay-faced creature.

D. 39. Adamantine drollery.
119. Adamantine Adam.

E. 50. The radiant persuasion of the man.
51. That radiant persuasion.
57. Radiating dirt and humbug.

F. 64. The seizing freshness of the dew.
94. Such argument ..... should still be brief and seizing.

G. 79. A lad so shuttle-witted.
99. How shuttle-witted are these girls.

H. 93. There fell a crystal quiet. Vgl. crystal stillness, Silverado Squatters, 76; crystal fountains, Inland Voyage, 19; fall from the sheer rock in rods of crystal, Prince Otto, 251: the rain descending in white crystal rods, Vailima Letters, 38.

b) Similes.

1. In the increasing twilight the burning matches of the firelocks, shimmering on barrel, halbert, and cuirass, lent to the approaching army a picturesque effect, like a huge many-armed giant breathing flame into the darkness. Pentland Rising., 19.
2. I half expected that these miserable beings, like the people of Lystra, would recognise their betters and force us to the altar. Satirist., 32.
3. I saw that our satirist was wise, wise in his generation, like the unjust steward. Ibid., 33.
4. I recollect that when I walked with him, I was in a state of divine exaltation, such as Adam and Eve must have enjoyed when the savour of the fruit was still unfaded between their lips. Ibid., 33.
5. The road rolls upon the easy slopes of the country, like a long ship in the hollows of the sea. Roads, 118.
6. It is in following these capricious sinuosities that we learn, only bit by bit and through one coquettish reticence after another much as we learn the heart of a friend, the whole loveliness of the country. Ibid., 121.

7. Now, when I am sad, I like nature to charm me out of my sadness, like David before Saul. Unpleasant Places., 134.
8, The hot, sweet breath of the bank, that had been saturated all day long with sunshine, and now exhaled it into my face was like the breath of a fellow-creature. Ibid., 141.
9. There was something about the atmosphere that brought all sights and sounds home to me with a singular purity, so that I feel as if my senses had been washed with water. Autumn Effects., 150.
10. They came round me by coveys blowing simultaneonsly upon penny trumpets as though they imagined I should fall to pieces like the battlements of Jericho. Ibid., 154.
11. Flecks of sun that slip through the woods overhead, and, as a wind goes by and sets the trees a-talking, flicker hither and thither like butterflies of light. Forest Notes., 195.
12. I suppose it [the first journey in a canoe with sail] was almost as trying a venture iuto the regions of the unknown, as to publish a first book, or to marry. Inland Voyage, 2.
13. Aud for the bargee, in his floating home, "travelling abed", it is merely as if he were listening to another man's story or turning the leaves of a picture book in which he had no concern. Ibid., 13.
14. They did not move any more than if they had been fishing in an old Dutch print. Ibid., 18.
15. These [bells] seemed to fall in with the spirit of still, rustic places, like the noise of a waterfall or the babble of a rookery in spring. Ibid., 109.
16. For such a great, healthy man, his hair flourishing like Samson's, his arteries running buckets of red blood, to boast of these infinitesimal efforts, produced a feeling of disproportion in the world, as when a steam-hammer is set to cracking nuts. Ibid., 129.
17. He took fortune's worst as it were the showers of spring. Ibid., 130.
18. Reasons are as plentiful as blackberries; and like fisticuffs, they serve impartially with all sides. Ibid., 134.
19. Quiet minds cannot be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunder storm. Ibid., 152.
20. As it [the church] flanges out in three wide terraces, and settles down broadly on the earth, it looks like the poop of some great old battleship . . . There is a roll in the ground, and the towers just appear above the pitch of the roof, as though the good ship were bowing lazily over an Atlantic swell. Ibid., 167.
21. Ideas came and went like motes in a sunbeam. Ibid., 200.
22. With a ready smile at his own mishaps, and every now and then a sudden gravity, like a man who should hear the surf roar while he was telling the perils of the deep. Ibid., 229.

23. I was looked upon with contempt, like a man who should project a journey to the moon, but yet with a respectful interest, like one setting forth for the inclement Pole. Travels with a Donkey., 4.
24. Like Christian, it was from my pack I suffered by the way. Ibid., 11.
25. It [the pace] was something as much slower than a walk as a walk is slower than a run. Ibid., 15.
26. And all Sabbath observances, like a Scotch accent, strike in me mixed feelings, grateful and the reverse. Ibid., 18.
27. And it [the silence] disposes him to amiable thoughts, like the sound of a little river or the warmth of sunlight. Ibid., 19.
28. Overhead the sky was full of strings and shreds of vapour, flying, vanishing, reappearing, and turning about an axis like tumblers, as the wind hounded them through heaven. Ibid., 65.
29. He beat his old hands like clappers in a mill. Ibid , 66.
30. She waited the table with a heavy placable nonchalance, like a performing cow. Ibid., 152.
31. These same far-away worlds [stars], sprinkled like tapers or shaken together like a diamond dust upon the sky. Ibid., 192.
32. For some thoughts, which sure would be the most beautiful, vanish before we can rightly scan their features; as though a god, travelling by our green highways, should but open the door, give one smiling look into the house, and go again for ever. Ibid., 218.
33. By such steps [making vows] we think to fix a momentary resolution; as a timid fellow hies him to the dentist's while the tooth is stinging. Virginibus Puerisque., 28
34. Indeed, the ideal story is that of two people who go into love step for step, with a fluttered consciousness, like a pair of children venturing together into a dark room. Ibid., 49.
35. Even in quite intermediate stages, a dash of enthusiasm is not a thing to be ashamed of in the retrospect; if St. Paul had not been a very zealous Pharisee, he would have been a colder Christian. Ibid., 88.
36. A man who has not had his green-sickness and got done with it for good, is as little to be depended on as an unvaccinated infant. Ibid., 97.
37. Sights seen as a travelling swallow might see them from the wing, or Iris as she went abroad over the land on some Olympian errand. Ibid., 130.
38. And waiting [the invalid] for some return of the pleasure that he remembers in other days, as the sick folk may have awaited the coming of the angel at the pool of Bethesda. Ibid., 134.

39. To suppose yourself endowed with natural parts for the sea because you are the country man of Blake and mighty Nelson, is perhaps just as unwarrantable as to imagine Scotch extraction a sufficient guarantee that you will look well in a kilt. Ibid., 181.

40. A peculiarly subtle expression haunts the lower part [of the face], sensual and incredulous, like that of a man tasting good Bordeaux with half a fancy it has been somewhat two long uncorked. Ibid., 213.

41. And all these portraits are so pat and telling, and look at you so spiritedly from the walls, that, compared with the sort of living people one sees about the streets, they are as bright new sovereigns to fishy and obliterated sixpences. Ibid., 218.

42. And you may see them [childreu], still towed forward sideways by the inexorable nurse as by a sort of destiny, but still staring at the bright object in their wake. Ibid., 227.

43. By the necessity of the case, again, he [the writer] is forced to view the subject throughout in a particular illumination, like a studio artifice. Like Hales with Pepys he must nearly break his sitter's neek to get the proper shadows on the portrait. Men and Books, X.

44. And when we find a man persevering indeed, in his fault, as all of us do, and openly overtaken, as not all of us are, by its consequences, to gloss the matter over, with too polite biographers, is to do the work of the wrecker disfiguring beacons on a perilous seaboard: but to call him bad, with a self-righteous chuckle, is to be talking in one's sleep with Heedless and Too-bold in the arbour. Ibid., XV.

45. It [this pathelic love] seems to be above the story somehow, and not of it, as the full moon over the night of some foul and feverish city. Ibid.. 26.

46. We see the moral [in the novel with a purpose] forced into every hole and corner of the story, or thrown externally over it like a carpet over a railing. Ibid., 32.

47. There is something enlivening in a hatred of so genuine a brand, hot as Corsican revenge, and sneering like Voltaire. Ibid., 137.

48. He grew up healthy, composed, and unconscious from among life's horrors, like a green bay tree from a field of battle. Ibid., 165.

49. His [Samuel Pepys'] favourite ejaculation "Lord!" occurs but once that I have observed in 1660, never in '61, twice in '62, and at least five times in '63; after which the "Lords" may be said to pullulate like herrings, with here and there a solitary "damned" as it were a whale among the shoal. Ibid., 324.

50. He was very tall and strong, with a face as big as a ham. Treasure Island, 32.

51. His eye, a mere pin-point in his big face, but gleaming like a crumb of glass. Ibid., 55.
52. His voice sounded hoarse and awkward, like a rusty lock. Ibid., 57.
53. You are attending to the little wants, and you have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring a toothache on the Judgment Day. New Arabian Nights, 267.
54. All things in this new land are moving farther on: the wine-vats and the miner's blasting tools but picket for a night, like Bedouin pavillions. Silverado Squatters, 22.
55. The abstract country man is perfect like a whiff of peats. Ibid., 26.
56. And even when we drove in silence, nods and smiles went round the party like refreshments. Ibid., 33.
57. When this grave man smiled, it was like sunshine in a shady place. Ibid., 64.
58. Here and there a few tree-tops were discovered, and then whelmed again [by the fog deluge]; and for one second, the bough of a dead pine beckoned out of the spray like the arm of a drowning man. Ibid., 80.
59. We lived so entirely in the wreck of that great enterprise, like mites in the ruins of a cheese. Ibid., 92.
60. "I have long", he added exultingly, "long carried this intrigue upon my shoulders, like Samson with the gates of Gaza." Prince Otto., 189.
61. His affections like ivy were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the object. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde., 3.
62. She was like curdled milk to me. Kidnapped., 91.
63. The shapes of the hills like things asleep. Ibid., 96.
64. The trees clung upon the slope, like sailors on the shrouds of a ship: and their trunks were like the rounds of a ladder, by which we mounted. Ibid., 98.
65. In one of the top windows, there was the peak of a night cap bobbing up and down and back and forward like the head of a rabbit from a burrow. Ibid., 129.
66. I have seen us sitting in broad sunshine on the Ross, and the rain falling black like crape upon the mountain. The Merry Men., 5.
67. The whites of his eyes were yellow, like old stained ivory, or the bones of the dead. Ibid., 15.
68. The light lay round her hair, like a kerchief. Ibid., 86.
69. To Will, her presence recalled something of his childhood, and the thought of her took its place in his mind beside that of dawn, of running water, and of the earliest violets and lilies. Ibid., 87.

70. Sleep closed over him again like running water. Ibid., 103.

71. The candle stood on the counter, its flame solemnly wagging in a draught, and by that inconsiderable movement, the whole room was filled with noiseless bustle and kept heaving like a sea; the tall shadows nodding, the gross blots of darkness swelling and dwindling as with respiration, the faces of the portraits and the china gods changing and wavering like images in water. The inner door stood ajar, and peered into that leaguer of shadows with a long slit of daylight, like a pointing finger. Ibid., 116.

72. His nerves would jerk like a hooked fish. Ibid., 117.

73. Terror of the people in the street sat down before his mind like a besieging army. Ibid., 117.

74. And now, and by his act, that piece of life had been arrested, as the horologist with interjected finger, arrests the beating of the clock. Ibid., 121.

75. On that first storey, the doors stood ajar, three of them like three ambushes, shaking his nerves like the throats of cannon. Ibid., 123.

76. But frae that day forth she couldna speak like a Christian woman, but slavered and played click wi' her teeth like a pair o' shears. Ibid., 142.

77. He was of a great stature, an' black as hell Ibid., 144.

78. But she didna speak plain, ye maun understand; but yam-yammered like a powney wi' the bit in its moo. Ibid., 145.

79. That black man aye ran in his heid like the owercome of a sang. Ibid., 146.

80. I heard his footing die away downstairs as light as rainfall. Ibid., 164.

81. Something in both face and figure, something exquisitely intangible, like the echo of an echo, suggested the features and bearing of my guide. Ibid., 164.

82. Her face puckered with suspicion as swiftly and lightly as a pool ruffles in the breeze. Ibid., 171.

83. She enjoyed my presence half-unconsciously, as a man in deep meditation may enjoy the babbling of a brook. Ibid., 173.

84. The pigeons dozed below the eaves like snow-drifts. Ibid., 186.

85. The sunshine struck upon the hills, strong as a hammer on the anvil. Ibid., 195.

86. The fall of the house, like the loss of a front tooth, had quite transformed the village. Ibid., 294.

87. He laughed not very often, and when he did, with a sudden, loud haw-haw, hearty but somehow joyless, like an echo from a rock. Memories and Portraits, 96.

88. I thrilled and trembled on the brink of life like a childish bather on the beach. Ibid., 130.

89. And the poorest [ideas] serve for a cock-shy — as when idle people after picnics, float a bottle on a pond and have an hour's diversion ere it sinks. Ibid., 162.

90. A soul like an ancient violin, so subdued to harmony, responding to a touch in music. Ibid., 183.

91. I have seen him streaming blood and his ear tattered like a regimental banner. Ibid., 201.

92. I loved a ship as a man loves Burgundy or daybreak. Ibid., 214.

93. But there is no style so untranslatable: light as a whipped trifle, strong as silk; wordy as a village tale; pat like a general's despatch. Ibid., 238.

94. Hence it is that a charm dwells undefinable among those slovenly verses, as the unseen cuckoo fills the mountain with its note. Ibid., 269.

95. His face was like a walnut-shell, both for colour and wrinkles. Blach. Arrow, 8.

96. A tall lusty fellow, somewhat grizzled, and as brown as a smoked ham walked before them. Ibid., 28.

97. Not far off Macconochie was standing with his tongue out of his mouth and his hand upon his chin, like a dull fellow thinking hard. Master of Ballantrae, 20.

98. Some parts of the forest were perfectly dense down to the ground, so that we must cut our way like mites in a cheese. Ibid., 35.

99. My mind flying like a weaver's shuttle. Ibid., 44.

100. And at the sound of that laugh, which rang false like a cracked bell, my lord looked at me again across the table. Ibid., 52.

101. Forgiveness flowed from him in sheer weakness, like the tears of senility. Ibid., 53.

102. The cold of the night fell about me like a bucket of water. Ibid., 57.

103. I saw her sway like something stricken by the wind. Ibid., 59.

104. His voice shook like a sail in the wind. Ibid., 61.

105. The night was hollow about me like an empty church. Ibid., 62.

106. At the same time there went a tossing through the branches of the evergreens, so that they sounded like a quiet sea. Ibid., 63.

107. These private guilty considerations I would continually observe to peep forth in the man's talk, like rabbits from a hill. Ibid., 110.

108. The blows resounded on the grave, as thick as sobs. Ibid., 123.

109. Secundra paid no heed to our remarks, digging swift as a terrier in the loose earth. Ibid., 124.

110. We crept over the river in darkness, trailing one paddle in the water like a wounded duck. Across The Plains, 5.
111. Old, red Manhattan lies, like an Indian arrowhead under a steam factory, below anglified New York. Ibid., 12.
112. My consciousness dwindled within me to a mere pin's head, like a taper on a foggy night. Ibid., 20.
113. I longed for the Black Hills of Wyoming ..... like an ice-bound whaler for spring. Ibid., 46.
114. I am usually very calm over the displays of nature; but you will scarce believe how my heart leaped at this. It was like meeting one's wife. Ibid., 74.
115. History broods over that part of the world like the easterly haar. Ibid., 171.
116. I tried to introduce it [a game] in Tweedside, and was defeated lamentably; its charm being quite local, like a country wine that, cannot be exported. Ibid., 213.
117. Life falls dead like dough. Ibid., 227.
118. Terms of ceremony fly thick as oaths on board a ship. Footnote to History, 2.
119. She [the ship] lies high and dry .... the hugest structure of man's hands within a circuit of a thousand miles .... tossed up there like a schoolboy's cap upon a shelf; broken like an egg: a thing to dream of. Ibid., 254.
120. Thus in the last twelve months, our European rulers have drawn a picture of themselves as bearded like the pard, full of strange oaths and gesticulating like semaphores. Ibid., 290.
121. All the children of the town came trotting after ...., and raising a thin kind of cheer in our wake, like crowing poultry. Island Nights' Entertainments. 7.
122. But he only looked up white and blank, and the blood spread upon his face like wine upon a napkin. Ibid., 65.
123. But when I got to the path, it fell so dark I could make no headway walking into trees and swearing there, like a man looking for the matches in his bedroom. Ibid.. 125.
124. I was once as taut as a ship's hawser or the spring of a watch. Ibid., 141.
125. His body kicked under me like a spring sofa. Ibid., 142.
126. The blood came over my hands, I remember hot as tea. Ibid., 142.
127. My mind turned at once like a door upon its hinges. Catriona, 65.
128. I thought she walked like a young deer, and stood like a birch upon the mountains. Ibid., 89.
129. The happiness that was in my heart was like a fire in a great chimney. Ibid., 97.

130. He wondered why the air, the words .... and the voice and accent of the singer, should all jar his spirit like a file on a man's teeth. Ebbtide 73.
131. The presence of the gentleman lighted up like a candle the vulgarity of the clerk. Ibid., 130.
132. The grasp of an external fate, ineluctable as gravity. Ibid., 195.
133. Treading gingerly the ways of intercourse, like a lady gathering up her skirts in a by-path. Weir of Hermiston, 46.
134. Her voice trembled a little in his ear, like a passing grace of music. Ibid., 104.
135. For Archie continued to drink her in with his eyes, even as a wayfarer comes to a well-head on a mountain, and stoops his face, and drinks with thirst unassuageable. Ibid., 162.
138. Earnestness shone through her like stars in the purple west. Ibid., 193.
137. Clean and caller, wi' a fit like the hinny bee. [with a foot like the honey bee]. Ibid., 247.

In den angeführten Beispielen von Stevenson's Vergleichen können wir als besonders charakteristisch Schlichtheit, Stärke und Humor bezeichnen; in manchen Fällen wird ein glückliches Resultat durch das Unerwartete erzielt. Seine Vergleiche klingen selten gesucht, sind fast immer treffend und tragen immer dazu bei, den Sinn deutlicher hervortreten zu lassen. In seinen früheren Schriften entlehnt er der Bibel viele Vergleiche und macht den Eindruck mangelnder Originalität (vgl. 2, 3, 4, 7, 10, 35, 38, 61). In "Roads" (1873) sehen wir Stevenson schon zur Reife gelangt (vgl. 5, 6) und von dieser Zeit an zeichnen sich seine Vergleiche durch Originalität und Mannigfaltigkeit aus. Wie man es von einem solchen Wanderer und Naturfreund erwarten konnte, findet er den Stoff für seine Vergleiche im Freien: fliessendes Gewässer, stehendes Gewässer, das ruhige Meer und die brausende Brandung. Frühlingsschauer, Sonnenschein und Tagesanbruch, alles das macht er sich dienstbar. (Vgl. 15, 17, 22, 27, 58, 70, 71, 81, 83, 84, 107). In den Novellen und romantischen Erzählungen treffen wir die Mehrzahl seiner alltäglichen Vergleiche: ein Schinken und eine Walnuss, ein verrostetes Schloss und eine zersprungene Glocke, die Käsemilben und ein Weberschiffchen werden passend angebracht, und zwar der Schinken und die Milben zweimal. (Vgl. 51, 53, 54, 87,

96, 97, 99, 100, 101, 122, 124). Die besten Beispiele für die illustrierende Gewalt seiner Vergleiche finden sich in der in "The Merry Men" gesammelten Novellengruppe, besonders in "Markheim" und "Thrawn Janet" (vg. 67, 68, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79). Wiewohl Stevenson immer poetisch sein konnte (vg. 64, 70, 91, 129), so ist er es doch ganz besonders in der romantischen Erzählung, mit der er zur Zeit seines Todes beschäftigt war, "Weir of Hermiston" (vgl. 135, 136, 137, 138).

C. Oxymoron.

Die Verbindung von Wörtern, die sich scheinbar widersprechen, ist eine seiner Lieblingsfiguren und kommt in folgenden Stellen vor:

1. An unhomely-looking homestead. Unpleasant Places., 136.
2. A solemn glee possessed my mind. Travels with a Donkey., 134.
3. To wash in one of God's rivers in the open air seems to me a sort of cheerful solemnity. Ibid., 173.
4. A jocund tranquillity. Virginibus Puerisque., 256.
5. An infernal apotheosis. Men and Books., 49.
6. Pleasureless pleasurings. Ibid., 96.
7. Indelicate delicacy. Prince Otto, 119.
8. A pleasing horror of shade. Memories and Portraits, 108.
9. In these moods he has an elegant homeliness. Ibid., 167.
10. The companionable silence of the trees. Across The Plains. 122.
11. Back-foremost progress. Ibid., 127.
12. A strenuous idleness. Ibid., 132.
13. Sternly gentle voiee. Ibid., 227.
14. The silken brutality of their visitor made him blush. Ebbtide., 131,
15. Gentle little mutinies, sad little gaieties. Weir of Hermiston., 6.
16. The nasal psalmody, full of turns and trills and graceless graces. Ibid., 152.

Teil II.

B. „Qualitäten“ des Stiles.

1. Wohlklang.
2. Tonmalerei.

Wohlklang (Melody).

Wohlklang und Tonmalerei (Harmony) gehören zu den „Qualitäten“ des Stiles. Unter Wohlklang ist (nach Minto) zu verstehen, die Vermeidung unangenehmer Klänge; die Abwechslung von langen und kurzen, betonten und unbetonten Silben, der Wechsel der Konsonanten unter sich und der Vokale unter sich, die Vermeidung unangenehmer Allitterationen und das Fallen des Tones zum Schlusse.

Unter Tonmalerei versteht man die Übereinstimmung des Lautes mit dem Sinne.

Ich habe im ersten Teile dieser Untersuchung darauf hingewiesen, einen wie hohen Wert Stevenson dem Wohlklange beimisst. Die Beispiele, die ich anführen werde, geben einen positiven Beweis von der Geschicklichkeit, womit er seine Theorie in die Praxis übertrug. Dass er ein ungewöhnliches Wort gebraucht, um einen harten Klang oder die unangenehme Wiederholung eines Diphthonges zu vermeiden, wird aus zwei Beispielen klar. In “An Inland Voyage” kommt folgendes vor: ‘The leaves fluttered, the water lapped, but they [the fishers] continued in one stay, like so many churches established by law”. Das in diesem Sinne ganz ungewöhnliche Wort “stay” ist offenbar statt “position” gebraucht, um ein Übergewicht der schon in “churches” und “established” genügend angewandten Sibilanten zu vermeiden. Masson weist darauf hin, dass Milton den zu häufigen Gebrauch von *ch* und *sh* vermeidet. “He has it [sh] often, of course; but it may be noted that he rejects it in his verse when he can. He writes Basan for Bashan (Par. L. I. 398). Sittim for Shittim (Par. L. I. 413). Siloh for Shiloh (S. A., 1674), Asdod for Ashdod (S. A, 981) etc. Still more,

however, does he seem to have been wary of the sound *ch* as in church. Of his sensitiveness to this sound in excess there is a curious proof in his prose pamphlet entitled "An Apology against a Pamphlet called a Modest Confutation" etc., where, having occasion to quote these lines from one of the satires of his opponent, Bishop Hall,

'Teach each hollow grove to sound his love,
Wearying echo with one changeless word',

he adds ironically 'and so he well might, and all his auditory besides with his teach each'! (Masson's Milton, Vol. I. LIV).

Stephen Gwynn führt in einem Artikel in der "Fortnightly Review" (Vol. 56) aus "Virginibus Puerisque" folgendes Beispiel dafür an, wie Stevenson einen schon einmal angewandten Diphthong vermeidet. "The cruellest lies are often told in silence. A man may have sat in a room for hours and not opened his teeth; and yet come out of that room a disloyal friend or a vile calumniator". Der Gebrauch des Wortes "Teeth" giebt dem Satze ein gekünsteltes Ansehen. Aber der Grund für den Gebrauch des Wortes "Teeth" liegt auf der Hand; wenn man statt dessen "mouth" sagt, so entsteht eine unangenehm wirkende Wiederholung des Diphthonges in "hours", und das Ohr vermisst den scharfen Dentalen *t*.

Ich muss noch hinzufügen, dass Stevenson, wo er die Allitteration anwendet, nicht nur Anfangs-, sondern auch Mittel- und Endkonsonanten wiederholt, wie die Beispiele reichlich beweisen werden.

Melody.

1. The grass was grey with drops of rain, the headstones black with moisture. Wreath of Immortelles, 40.

Das klingt für eine gute Prosa zu rhythmisch; solche Beispiele finden sich selten in Stevensons früheren Werken, kommen aber in seinen späteren gar nicht vor.

2. All that is worthless has been *sieved* ard *sifted* out of them. A retrospect 90.
3. I *f*ound myse*lf* in a dim green *f*orest atmos*ph*ere under ea*v*es of *v*irgin *f*oliage. An Autumn Effect, 158.

Hier macht sich, abgesehen von der Allitteration, eine angenehme Abwechslung in der Betonung und in den Vokalen bemerkbar.

4. You must have felt the odour of innumerable trees at even.
Fovest Notes, 193.

Man beachte hier die Verschiedenheit in der Betonung und in den Vokalen so wie das poetische Wort 'even' statt 'evening', das Stevenson des Rythmus wegen gebraucht hat.

5. Out of unknown thickets comes forth the *s*oft, *s*ecret, aromatic, odour of the woods, not like a smell of the free heaven, but as though court ladies, who had known these paths in ages long gone by, still walked in the summer evenings, and shed from their *br*ocades a *br*eath of musk or bergamot upon the *w*oodland *w*inds.
Ibid., 197.

Allitteration; Abwechslung in der Betonung und in den Vokalen; Fallen des Tones.

6. Air com*p*arati*v*ely *f*it to *b*reathe, *f*ood com*p*arati*v*ely *v*aried, and the satis*f*action of being still *p*ri*v*ately a gentleman may thus be had almost for the asking. Amateur Emigrant, 11.

Allitteration mit *p*, *b*, *f* and *v*.

7. A brisk little old woman passed us by. An Inland Vogage, 52.

'Passed us by' statt 'passed by us' des Rythmus wegen.

8. The sun had gone down, but the west in front of us was one *l*ake of *l*eve*l* go*l*d. The path wandered a while in the open, and then passed under a trellis like a bower indefinitely prolonged. On either hand were shadowy orchards; cottages *l*ay *l*ow among the *l*eaves and sent their smoke to heaven; every here and there, in an opening, appeared the *g*reat *g*old face of the west.
Ibid., 53.

Allitteration und vorherrschend gleichmässige Betonung.

9. He had e*v*idently *p*ros*p*ered without any of the *f*avours of education; for he adhered with stern simplicity to the masculine gender, and in the course o*f* the e*v*ening *p*assed o*ff* some *f*ancy *f*utures in a *v*ery *f*lorid style of architecture. Ibid., 63.

Im ersten Satzteile Allitteration mit *v*, *p*, *f*, im zweiten *r* und *s* vorherrschend, im dritten Rückkehr zu *v*, *p*, *f*. Vergl. Stevenson's Kritik der Stelle 'I cannot praise a fugitive and

cloistered virtue' etc. aus Milton's 'Areopagitica' in seinem Essay über Stil. (Contemporary Review. April 1885.)

10. A whole forest healthy and beautiful, giving colour to the light, giving perfume to the air. Ibid., 77.

Die Wiederholung des Wortes 'giving' klingt etwas gekünstelt und bietet ein Beispiel für das, was Stevenson unter 'fluting' verstand, wenn er in späteren Jahren von seinem früheren Stil sprach. (Vide 'Vailima Table Talk' (Mabel Strong). Scribner's Magazine, May 1896).

11. Again, the foliage closed so thickly in front, that there seemed to be no issue: only a thicket of willows, overtopped by elms and poplars, under which the river ran *f*lush and *f*leet, and where a king-*f*isher *f*lew *p*ast like a *p*iece of the *b*lue sky. On these different manifestations, the sun poured its *c*lear and *c*atholic loo*k*s. The shadow*s* lay a*s* *s*olid on the *s*wift *s*urfa*c*e of the *s*tream a*s* on the *s*table meadow*s*. The light sparkled golden in the dancing poplar leaves, and brought the hills into communion with our eyes. And all the while the river never stopped running or took breath; and the reeds along the whole valley stood shivering from top to toe. Ibid., 103.

Allitteration mit *f*, mit *f*, *p*, *b*, mit *c* = *k*, *k*, und mit stimmlosem und stimmhaftem *s*. 'The light sparkled golden in the dancing poplar leaves' ein Beispiel von Tonmalerei.

12. But these [bells], as they sounded abroad, now high, now low, now with a plaintive cadence that caught the ear like the burthen of a popular song, were always moderate and tunable, and *s*eemed to fall in with the *s*pirit of *s*till, ru*s*tic pla*c*e*s*, like the noise of a waterfall or the babble of a rookery in spring. Ibid., 108.

Wechselnder Rythmus; Gebrauch der altertümlichen Form 'burthen'; Allitteration mit *s* und *c* = *s*; Fallen des Tones.

13. They [Paul Déroulède's verses] *l*ack the *l*yrical e*l*ation. Ibid., 120.

Alliteration hier manieriert.

14. Sweet was our rest in the Golden Sheep at Moy. Ibid., 150.

Inversion des Wohlklanges wegen — ein weiteres Beispiel von 'fluting'.

15 She [Edinburgh] is preeminently Gothic, and all the more so since she has set herself off with some *G*ree*k* airs, and erected *c*lassi*c* temples on her *c*ra*g*s. Edinburgh 6.

Allitteration mit *k*, *g* und *c* = *k*.

16. The birds roost as willingly among the *c*orinthian *c*apitals as in the *c*rannies of the *c*rag. Ibid., 12

Allitteration mit *c* und *cr*.

17. The towns of Fifeshire sit, each in its *b*ank of *bl*owing smoke, along the opposite coast; and the hills inclose the view, except to the farthest east, where the ha*z*e of the hori*z*on re*s*ts upon the open *s*ea. Ibid., 137.

Allitteration; Rythmus und Abwechslung der Vokale im letzten Satzteile.

18. For about two miles the road climbs upwards, a long hot walk in summer time. You reach the summit at a place where four ways meet, beside the toll of Fairmilehead. The spot is breezy and agreeable both in name and aspect. The hills are close by across a valley: Kirk Yetton, with its long, upright scars *v*isible as *f*ar as *F*i*f*e, and Allermuir the tallest on this side: with wood and tilled field running high upon their borders, and haunches all moulded into innumerable glens and shelvings and variegated with heather and fern. The air comes briskly and sweetly off the hills, *p*ure *f*rom the ele*v*ation and rustically scented by the upland plants; and even at the toll, you may hear the curlew calling on its mates. At certain seasons, when the gulls desert their sur*f*y *f*orelands, the birds of sea and mountain hunt and scream together in the same *f*ield by *F*airmilehead. The *w*inged, *w*ild things intermix their wheelings, the *s*eabirds *s*kim the *t*ree *t*ops and *f*ish among the *f*urrows of the *p*lough. These little craft of air are at home in all the world, so long as they cruise in their own element; and like sailors, ask but food and water from the shores they coast. Ibid., 163.

Allitteration; beständiger Abwechslung sowohl der Vokale als auch der Konsonanten; 'and rustically scented by the upland plants' entschieden rhythmisch.

19. It came from some one leading *f*locks a*f*ield to the note of a rural horn. Travels with a Donkey, 122.

Der Gebrauch der altertümlichen Form 'afield' trägt hier zum Rhythmus bei; ein weiteres Beispiel von 'fluting'.

20. The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had sweetly slumbered. Ibid., 133.

Wieder ein Beispiel von 'fluting'.

21. A man standing on this eminence would have looked forth upon a silent, smokeless, and dispeopled land. Ibid., 206.

Das Wort 'dispeopled' statt des gewöhnlicheren 'depopulated' der Allitteration und des Rhythmus wegen.

22. They brought the body, pierced with two-and-fifty wounds, to be interred. Ibid., 214.

'Two-and-fifty' statt 'fifty-two' des Rhythmus wegen.

23. A thousand things unpleasing. Virginibus Puerisque, 32.

Die ungewöhnliche Stellung des Wortes 'unpleasing' trägt zum Rhythmus bei.

24. Pitiful is the case of the blind, who cannot read the face; pitiful that of the deaf, who cannot follow the changes of the voice. Ibid., 71.

Durch die Inversion und die Wiederholung werden Wohlklang und Nachdruck erzielt.

25. A longing for the brightne*s*s and *s*ilence of fallen *s*now *s*eizes him at *s*uch time*s*. He is home*s*ick for the hale rough weather; for the tracery of the fro*s*t upon his window pane*s* at morning, the reluctant de*s*cent of the fir*s*t flake*s*, and the white roof*s* relieved again*s*t the *s*ombre *s*ky. Ibid., 134.

Eine melodische Periode, deren Wohlklang durch beständigen Wechsel in den Vokalen und die Wiederholung des stimmhaften und stimmlosen *s* hervorgebracht wird.

26. For it is a sha*gg*y world, and yet studded with *g*ardens; where the *s*al*t* and *t*umbling *s*ea *r*eceive*s* clea*r* *r*ivers *r*unning from among *r*eeds and lilies; fruitful and au*s*te*r*e; a *r*u*s*tic world; *s*unshiny, lewd, and cruel. Ibid., 264.

Eine Fülle verschlungener Allitteration.

27. Rudely puffed the winds of heaven; roguishly clomb up the all-destructive urchin ... Ibid., 272.

Zum Wohlklang dieser Stelle trägt die Inversion und der Gebrauch der altertümlichen Form 'clomb' wesentlich bei.

28. The street would be left to original darkness, unpiloted, unvoyageable, a province of the desert night. Ibid., 273.

Melodischer Tonfall.

29. Nor do his li*p*s re*f*rain *f*rom a stave, in the highest style of poetry, lauding progress and the golden mean. Ibid., 273.

Allitteration und Fallen des Tones.

30. So, bit by bit, they [the wine-growers] grope about for their Clos Vougeot and Lafite. Those lodes and pockets of earth, more precious than the precious ores, that yield inimitable fragrance and soft fire; those virtuous Bonanzas, where the soil has sublimated under sun and stars to something finer, and the wine is bottled poetry: these still lie undiscovered, chaparral conceals, thicket embowers them; the miner chips the rock and wanders farther, and the grizzly muses undisturbed. But there they bide their hour, awaiting their Columbus; and nature nurses and prepares them. The smack of Californian earth shall linger on the palate of your grandson. Silverado Squatters, 18.

Durchweg rhythmisch, ein schönes Beispiel poetischer Prosa.

31. But somehow life is warmer and closer; the hearth burns more redly; the lights of home shine softer on the rainy street; the very names, endeared in verse and music, cling nearer round our hearts. Ibid., 25.

r und *s* durchaus vorherrschend; beständiger Wechsel in den Vokalen.

32. But in the tunnel a cold, wet draught tempestuously blew. Ibid., 42.

Rhythmus, durch die ungewöhnliche Stellung des Wortes tempestuously' erzielt.

33. The red*br*easts and the *br*ooks of Europe, in that dry and songless land; *br*ave old names and wars, strong cities, cymbals, and *br*ight armour, in that nook of the mountain, sacred only to the Indian and the bear! Ibid., 47.

Wiederholung des '*br*' bemerkenswert, 'brooks' etwas affektirt angewandt, statt 'streams' oder 'rivers'.

34. As I recall the place — the green dell below; the *s*pires of *p*ine; the *s*un-warm, *s*cented air: that *g*ray, *g*abled inn, with its faint stirrings of life a*m*id the slu*m*ber of the *m*ountains — I slowly awake to a sense of admiration, gratitude, and almost love. Ibid., 87.

35. I have never seen such a night. It seemed to throw calumny in the teeth of all the painters that ever dabbled in starlight. The sky itself was of a ruddy, powerful, nameless, changing colour, dark and glossy like a serpent's, back. The stars, by innumerable millions, stuck boldly forth like lamps. The Milky Way was bright, like a moonlit cloud: half heaven seemed Milky Way. The greater luminaries shone each more clearly than a winter's moon. Their light was dyed in every sort of colour — red, like fire; blue, like steel; green, like the tracks of sunset: and so sharply did each stand forth in its own lustre that there was no appearance of that flat, starspangled arch we know so well in pictures, but all the hollow of heaven was one chaos of contesting luminaries — a hurly-burly of stars. Ibid., 89.

Durchweg wechselnder Rhythmus. Beachte das Fallen des Tones in 'glossy like a serpent's back', 'bright, like a moonlit cloud', 'green like the tracks of sunset'.

36. The Prince was early abroad: in the time of the first chorus of birds, of the pure and quiet air, of the slanting sunlight and the mile-long shadows. Prince Otto, 25.

Wechsel in den Vokalen und in der Betonung.

37. The starlit dark, the faint wood airs, the clank of the horseshoes making broken music, accorded together and attuned his mind. Ibid., 54.

'The clank of the horseshoes making broken music' unterbricht den Rhythmus, wodurch Tonmalerei entsteht.

38. *S*ped by these dire *s*ound*s* and voi*ces*, the Prin*cess* *sc*aled the long garden, *sk*miming like a bird the *st*arlit *st*arways; crossed the Park, which was in that place narrow; and plunged upon the farther side into the rude shelter of the forest. Ibid., 239.

Allitteration und Rhythmus.

39. All around were the hilltops, big and little; sa*b*le *v*ales of *f*orest between; overhead the open heaven and the brilliancy of countless stars; and along the western sky the di*m* for*m*s of *m*ountains. The *g*lory of the *g*reat night laid hold upon her; her eyes shone with stars; she dipped her sight into the coolness and brightness of the sky, as she might have dipped her wrist into a spring; and her heart, at that ethereal shock, began to move more soberly. The *s*un that *s*ails overhead, ploughing into gold the fields of daylight azure and uttering the signal to *m*an's *m*yriads, has no word apart for man the individual; and the moon, like a violin, only praises and laments our private destiny. The stars, alone, cheerful whisperers, confer quietly with each of us like friends; they give ear to our sorrows smilingly, like wise old men, rich in tolerance; and by their double scale, sosmall to the eye, so vast to the imagination, they keep before the mind the double character of man's nature and fate. Ibid., 240.

Poetische Prosa, durchweg wohlklingend.

40. In the *f*ace of her *p*ro*v*ed weakness, to ad*v*enture again u*p*on the horror of *b*lackness in the gro*v*es were a suicide of li*f*e or reason. Ibid., 243.

41. This lane of pine trees ran very rapidly down hill and *w*ound among the *w*oods; but it was a *w*ider thoroughfare than the brook needed, and here and there were little dim*p*ling lawns and co*v*es of the *f*orest, where the *s*tarshine *s*lumbered. Ibid., 244.

Mit dem Vokale ist geschickt abgewechselt.

42. By this time the strong sunshine *p*ierced in a thousand *p*laces the

*p*ine-thatch of the *f*orest, *f*ired the red *b*oles, irradiated the cool aisles of shadow, and burned in jewels ón the grass. The gum of these trees was dearer to the senses than the gums of Araby; each pine, in the lusty morning sunlight, burned its own wood incense; and now and then a breeze would *r*ise and to*ss* the*s*e *r*ooted *censers*, and *s*end shade and *s*un gem flitting, *sw*ift as *sw*allows, thick as trees: and wake a *b*rushing *b*ustle of sounds that murmured and went by.
Ibid., 250.

Allitteration; Assonanz in 'brushing bustle'; und Fallen des Tones.

43. At length, when she was *w*ell *w*eary, she came upon a *w*ide and shallow pool. *St*ones *st*ood in it like islands; *b*ullrushes *f*ringed the coast; the *f*loor was *p*aved with the *p*ine needles, and the *p*ines themselves, whose roots made *p*romontories, looked down silently on their green images. Ibid., 252,

'Well weary' ein Beispiel von 'fluting'.

44. Anyway the wind was, it was always sea air, as salt as on a ship.
The Merry Men, 5.

'Anyway' etwas manieriert, wodurch Allitteration und Abwechselung in den Vokalen erzielt wird.

45. Presently, on the other side, the notes of a piano were wakened to the music of a hymn, and the voices of many children took up the air and words. How stately, how comfortable was the melody! How fresh the youthful voices! Markheim gave ear to it smilingly, as he sorted out the keys; and his mind was thronged with answerable ideas and images; *ch*urchgoing *ch*ildren and the pealing of the high organ; children afield; *b*athers by the *b*rookside, ramblers on the brambly common, *k*ite-flyers in the windy and *c*loud-navigated sky; and then at another cadence of the hymn, back again to church, and the *s*omnolen*ce* of *s*ummer *s*unday*s*, and the high genteel voice of the parson (which he smiled a little to recall) and the painted Jacobean tombs, and the dim lettering of the Ten Commandments in the chancel.
Ibid., 125.

Allitteration; Assonanz in 'ramblers', 'brambly'.

46. Our tasks ended, we of the North go *f*orth as *f*reemen into the humming, lamplit city. At five o' clock you may see the last of us hiving from the college gates, in the glare of the shop windows, under the *g*reen *g*limmer of the winter sunset. Memories and Portraits, 18.

Rhythmisch.

47. The *g*arden and *g*ardener seem *p*art and *p*arcel of each other. Ibid., 78.

48. His heart grew '*p*roud' within him when he came on a *b*urn-course among the *b*raes of Manor that shone *p*ur*p*le with their grace*f*ul tro*ph*ies; and not all his a*pp*renticeship and *p*ractice for so many years of *p*recise gardening had *b*anished these recollections from his heart. Indeed he was a man keenly alive to the *b*eauty of all that was *b*y-gone. He a*b*ounded in old stories of his *b*oyhood, and ke*p*t *p*ious account of all his *f*ormer *p*leasures; and when he went (on a holiday) to *v*isit one of the *f*abled great *p*laces of the earth where he had ser*v*ed be*f*ore, he came *b*ack *f*ull of little *p*re — Ra*ph*aelite reminiscences that showed real *p*assion for the *p*ast, such as might have shaken hands with Hazlitt or Jean-Jacques. Ibid., 82.

Vorherrschen der Konsonanten *p*, *b* mit gelegentlichem Übergang zu *f* und *v*.

49. His *p*re*f*erence *f*or the more use*f*ul growths was such that cabbages were *f*ound in*v*ading the *f*lower-*p*lots, and an out*p*ost of sa*v*oys was once disco*v*ered in the centre of the lawn. He would *p*relect *ov*er some thri*v*ing *p*lant with wonder*f*ul enthusiasm, *p*iling reminiscence on reminiscence of *f*ormer and *p*erhaps yet *f*iner specimens. Ibid., 83.

50. I have na*m*ed, a*m*ong *m*any rivers that *m*ake *m*usic in *my* *m*e*m*ory, that dirty Water of Leith. Ibid., 106.

51. The river is there dammed back for the service of the flour-mill just below, so tkat it lies *d*eep and *d*arkling, and the *s*and *s*lopes into *b*rown o*b*scurity with a *g*lint of *g*old. Ibid., 106.

25. Their interest riveted on people, *l*iving, *l*oving, *t*alking, *t*angible people. Ibid., 172.

53. He lies with his tail, he lies with his eye, he lies with protesting paw. Ibid., 194.

54. But in the one [district] the great oaks *p*ros*p*er *p*lacidly u*p*on an e*v*en *f*loor; they *b*eshadow a great *f*ield: and the air and the light are *v*ery *f*ree *b*elow their stretching *b*oughs. Across the Plains. 118.

55. Nor must it be forgotten that, in all this part; you come continually forth upon a hill-top, and behold the plain northward and westward, like an unrefulgent sea; nor that all day long the shadows keep changing; and at last, to the red fires of sunset, night succeeds, and with the night a new forest, full of whisper, gloom, and fragrance. There are few things more renovating than to leave Paris, the lamplit arches of the Carrousel and the long alignment of the glittering streets, and to bathe the senses in this fragrant darkness of the wood. Ibid., 119.

Fallen des Tones bemerkenswert: 'like an unrefulgent sea'; 'full of whisper, gloom, and fragrance'; 'in this fragrant darkness of the wood'.

56. As for Wick itself, it is one of the *m*eanest of *m*an's towns, and situate certainly on the *b*aldest of God's *b*ays. Ibid., 193.

Allitteration und Parallelismus.

57. And he would awake with no more extreme symptom than a *f*lying heart, a *f*reezing scalp, cold sweats, and the speechless midnight fear. Ibid., 233.

Allitteration und Fallen des Tones.

58. He thought *m*aid and *m*aster were well *m*atched; *h*ard, *h*andy, *h*ealthy, broad Scots folk, without a hair of nonsense to the pair of them. Weir of Hermiston, 14.

Allitteration; Reim in 'hair' and 'pair'.

59. The tough and rough old sinner felt himself drawn to the son of his loins. Ibid., 44.

60. He saw the *f*leering rabble, the *f*linking wretch produced. Ibid., 54.

61. A great, rooty sweetness of bogs was in the air, and at all seasons an infinite melancholy piping of hill birds. Standing so high and with so little shelter, it was a cold, exposed house, splashed by showers' drenched by continuous rains that made the gutters to spout, *b*eaten upon and *b*uffeted by all the winds of heaven; and the *p*ros*p*ect would be often *b*lack with tem*p*est, and often white with the snows of winter. But the house was *w*ind and *w*eather proof, the hearths were kept bright, and the rooms *p*leasant with *l*ive *f*ires of *p*eat; and Archie might sit of an evening and hear the squalls bugle on the moorland, and watch the *f*ire *p*rosper in the earthy *f*uel, and the smoke winding up the chimney, and *d*rink *d*ee*p* of the *p*leasures of shelter. Ibid., 100.

62. Kristie was now over fifty, and might have sat to a sculptor. *L*ong of *l*imb, and sti*ll* *l*igh*t* of foo*t*, dee*p* *b*reaste*d*, ro*b*us*t*-loined her golden hair not yet mingled with any trace of silver, the years had but caressed and embellished her. By the lines of a rich and vigorous maternity, she seemed destined to be the bride of heroes and the mother of their children; and behold, by the iniquity of fate, she had passed through her youth alone, and drew near to the confines of age, a childless woman. Ibid., 106.

Fallen des Tones in

'the years had but caressed and embellished her', 'and the mother of children', 'a childless woman'.

63. For a while, in the night and the black water that was deep as to his saddle-girths, he wrought with his staff like a smith at his stithy, and great was the sound of oaths and blows. Ibid., 120.

Assonanz in 'smith', 'stithy'.

Der Satz ist ein Beispiel für die glückliche Wirkung, die durch den Gebrauch der einfachsten Wörter erzielt wird.

64. But this yin had a tongue to wile the birds frae the lift and the bees frae the fox glove bells. Ibid., 248.

yin (Scottisch) = one, frae = from, lift = sky; rhythmisch.

65. And for His name's sake keep yersel frae inordinate desires; *h*aud your *h*eart in baith your *h*ands, *c*arry it *c*anny and laigh; dinna send it up like a bairn's kite into the collieshangie o' the wunds! Mind, Maister Erchie dear, that this life's a' disappointment, and a mouthfu' o' mools is the appointed end. Ibid., 252.

yersel' = yourself, haud = held, canny = carefully, laigh = low, collieshangie = turmoil, wunds = winds, a' = all, mools = mould, earth. Rhythmisches Fallen des Tones mit Assonanz in 'mouthfu', 'mools'.

Aus den angeführten Beispielen erhellt, dass der „flötende" Stil, wie in 10, 14, 19, 20, 43, auf Stevenson's frühere Jahre beschränkt ist. Die Allitteration, einfach und verschlungen, wird von Anfang an geschickt angebracht; die mit *p* (*b*) *v* und *f* ist besonders vorherrschend. Um sie zu erreichen, gebraucht er das Wort 'prosper' in etwas affektierter Weise, wie in 61. Es ist ein Lieblingswort von Stevenson — vgl. Beispiel 9 und 54, wie auch folgende: 'Close at the *f*oot of our *p*ath nutmegs *p*ros*p*ered'. Silverado Squatters 111. 'Green moss pros*p*ering, *s*p*r*ings welling forth between their knuckled *s*p*u*rs. Prince Otto, 44.

In jedem dieser Fälle hat das Streben nach der Allitteration die Auswahl des Wortes bestimmt. Von Anfang bis zu Ende zeichnen sich die angeführten Beispiele durch beständige Abwechslung in der Betonung, in den Vokalen und in den Konsonanten aus. Die in fallendem Tone gehaltenen Stellen klingen gewöhnlich in einem einsilbigen Worte aus, wiewohl in den angeführten Beispielen noch zweisilbige Wörter vorkommen. Später zeigt die Tonmalerei eine Stärke, einen Reichtum, wovon in seinen früheren Werken nichts zu merken ist; die Beschreibung von Kirstie in Weir of Hermiston bietet ein treffendes Beispiel dieser Schreibweise.

Tonmalerei (Harmony).

1. The second stood above her, gently oscillating to and fro to lull the muling baby. Wreath of Immortelles, 42.
2. From overhead. a great, piled, summer cumulus, as of a slumberous summer afternoon, beshadows them.
   Bagster's Pilgrim's Progress, 260.
3. Where Italy extends her marble walls, and glasses her marble palaces in the midland seas. Forest Notes, 213.
4. I saw Venus burning as steadily and sweetly across this hurly-burly of the winds and waters as ever at home upon the summer woods. The engine pounded, the screw tossed out of the water with a roar, and shook the ship from end to end; the bows battled with loud reports against the billows: and as I stood in the lee scuppers and looked up to where the funnel leaned out over my head, vomiting smoke, and the black and monstrous topsails blotted, at each lurch, a different crop of stars, it seemed as if all this trouble were a thing of small account, and that just above the mast reigned peace unbroken and eternal.
   Amateur Emigrant, 27.

Das Vorherrschen des Konsonanten *s* trägt im ersten Satze dazu bei, den Eindruck des Friedens hervorzurufen; das Vorherrschen der Dentale und die anlautenden *b*, wozu noch die fast ununterbrochene Häufung einsilbiger Wörter in 'the screw tossed out of the water with a roar, and shook the ship from end to end' kommt, ahmen das Tosen des Sturmes nach; das Fallen des Tones auf 'unbroken and eternal' bewirkt wieder einen ruhigen, friedlichen Klang.

5. But we are all for tootling on the sentimental flute in literature.
   An Inland Voyage, 4.
6. The surface of the canal was thrown up into an infinity of little crystal fountains. Ibid., 19.
7. And the rest of the time the rain kept coming in squirts and the wind in squalls. Ibid., 78.
8. The light sparkled golden in the dancing poplar leaves. Ibid., 103.
   Beachte den Rhythmus.
9. To rig up a peal of brand-new, brazen, Birmingham-hearted substitutes, who should bombard their sides to the provocation of a brand-new bell-ringer, and fill the echoes of the valley with terror and riot.
   Ibid., 109.
10. Does it not seem impertinent to leave these ginger-bread figures winking and tinkling to the stars and the rolling moon. Ibid., 186.
    Assonanz und Rhythmus.

11. Kling, went they on the bells for the half past six, as we went by. Ibid., 189.

'For the half past six' manieriert zum Zwecke des Rhythmus.

12. But in Edinburgh all manner of bells join or rather disjoin, in one swelling *b*rutal *bab*blement of noise. Edinburgh, 73.

13. Now five or six [bells] all strike on the *pained* *t*ym*pan*um at the same *p*unc*t*ual i*nstant* of *t*ime, and make together a dismal chord of discord. Ibid., 73.

14. He can watch from day to day, as he trots officeward, how the spring green brightens in the wood or the field grows black under a moving ploughshare. Ibid., 104.

'how ..,.. wood' leicht bewegter Rhythmus, 'the field ...... ploughshare' langsam fortschreitend.

15. A prick, and she broke forth into a gallan*t* li*tt*te *t*ro*tt*let that devoured the miles. Travels with a Donkey, 38.

Ein doppeltes Diminutiv, der darin enthaltenen Dentale wegen.

16. From time to time a warm wind rustled down the valley, and set all the chestnuts dangling their bunches of foliage and fruit; the ear was filled with whispering music, and the shadows dance in tune. Ibid., 211.

Leicht bewegter Rhythmus.

17. In the ho*t* fi*t* of life, a *t*ip-*t*oe on the highes*t* *p*oin*t* of *b*eing, he *p*asses at a *b*oun*d* on to the other side. The noise of the malle*t* and chisel is scarcely quenche*d*, the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starre*d*, full — bloo*ded* spiri*t* shots into the spiri*t*ual lan*d*. Virginibus Puerisque, 171.

18. Clear rivers running from among reeds and lilies. Ibid., 264.

Liquida vorherrschend.

19. The tune of moving feet in the lamplit city, or on the smooth ballroom floor. Ibid., 265.

Der Rhythmus malt die Bewegung.

20. Some leap to the strains with unapt foot, and make a halting figure in the universal dance. Ibid., 266.

Die Unterbrechung des Rhythmus durch das Wort 'unapt' malt die ungeschickte Bewegung.

21. Through the narrows the tide bubbles, muddy like a river. When we made the passage ...... the steamer jumped, and the black buoys were dancing in the jabble; the ocean breeze blew killing chill. Silverado Squatters, 2.

Onomatopöie in 'babbles', 'jabble' und 'killing chill'.

22. The buck-eyes were putting forth their twisted horns of blossom: through all this, we struggled toughly upwards, canted to and fro by the roughness of the trail, and continually switched across the face by sprays of leaf or blossom. Ibid., 20.

Unterbrechung des Rhythmus zur Darstellung der Bewegung.

23. These *perpetual* echoes of the *moving footfall* haunt the land. Ibid., 23.

Rhythmus; Assonanz in 'perpetual echoes' und 'moving footfall'.

24. A stream of water ...... ran trippingly forth out of the bowels of the cave. Ibid., 54.

25. No wonder .... that it should come trotting forth into the sunlight with a song. Ibid., 54.

26. Before us over the margin of the dump, we could see the sun *still striking aslant* into the *wooded* nick below, and on the *battlemented pine-bescattered* ridges on the farther side. Ibid., 58.

'Striking' gewählt wegen der Allitteration mit *st*, *t* und *d*; die furchtbare Erscheinung des Bergrückens durch die allitterierenden vielsilbigen Wörter 'battlemented', 'pine-bescattered' passend geschildert.

27. Had this indeed been water .... with what a plunge of *reverberating* thunde*r* would it have *r*olled upon its course, disembowelling mountains and de*r*acinating pines. Ibid., 80.

Onomatopoeie in 'plunge of reverberating thunder' und in den vielsilbigen Wörtern 'disembowelling' und 'deracinating'.

28. The Toll House, *st*anding alone by the wayside under nodding pines, with *its st*reamlet and water-tank; *its* backwoo*ds*, toll-bar, and well-trodden croquet ground: the o*st*ler *st*anding by the *st*able door, chewing a *st*raw; a glimpse of the Chinese cook in the back par*ts*; and Mr. Hoddy in the bar, gravely alert and serviceable, and equally anxious to lend or borrow books; — dosed all day in the du*st*y sunshine, more than half asleep. There were no neighbours, except the Hansons up the hill. The traffic on the road was infinitesimal; only, at rare intervals, a couple in a waggon, or a du*st*y farmer on a spring-board, toiling over 'the grade' to that metropolitan hamlet, Cali*st*oga; and, at the fixed hours, the pa*ss*age of the *st*ages.

[Hier folgt eine Beschreibung der nächsten Umgebung, deren Einwohner, ihrer gewöhnlichen Lebensweise und schliesslich der Ankunft der 'stage coaches'.

A little before *st*age time, that ca*st*le of indolence awoke. The o*st*ler threw his *st*raw away and *set* to his preparations. Mr. Jennings rubbed his eyes: happy Mr. Jennings, the something he had been waiting for all day about to happen at last! The boarders gathered in the veran-

dah, silently giving ear, and gazing down the road with shaded eyes. And as yet there was no sign for the senses, not a sound, not a tremor of the mountain rood. The birds, to whom the secret of the hooting cuckoo is unknown, *must* have *set* down to in*st*inct this premonitory bu*st*le.

And then the fir*st* of the two *st*ages *s*wooped upon the Toll House with a roar and in a cloud of du*st*, and the shock had not yet time to subside, before the second was abrea*st* of it. Huge concerns they were, well-horsed and loaded, the men in their shirt sleeves, the women swathed in veils, the long whip cracking like a pi*st*ol; and as they charged upon that slumbering ho*st*elry, each shepherding a du*st* *st*orm, the dead place blossomed into life and talk and clatter. This the Toll House? — with *its* *cit*y throng, *its* jo*st*ling shoulders, *its* infini*t*y of in*st*ant business in the bar? The mind would not receive it! The heartfelt bu*st*le of that hour is hardly credible; the thrill of the great shower of letters trom the po*st*-bag, the childish hope and inter*est* with which one gazed in all these *st*rangers' eyes. They paused there but to pass: the blue-clad China-boy, the *S*an Franci*s*co magnate, the my*st*ery in the du*st* coat, the *secret* memoirs in tweed, the ogling, well-shod lady, with her troop of girls; they did but flash and go: they were hull-down for us behind life's ocean, and we but hailed their top-sails on the line. Yet, out of our great solitude of four and twenty mountain hours, we thrilled to their momentary presence, gauged and divined them, loved and hated; and *st*ood light-headed in that *st*orm of human electri*cit*y. Ibid., 81.

Um die Unruhe zu malen, ist *st* reichlich angewandt; *ts* kommt oft vor; stimmloses *s* (auch *c* = stimmlosem *s*) und *t* in enger Verbindung kommen auch häufig vor, sodass sich das zischende *s* und der scharfe Dental von Anfang bis zu Ende bemerkbar machen.

29. The starlit dark, the faint wood airs, the clank of the horseshoes making broken music, accorded together and attuned his mind.
Prince Otto., 54.

Unterbrechung des Rhythmus, um Tonmalerei zu erzielen.

30. And then, at one bound, the sun had floated up; and her startle*d* eyes receive*d* day's first arrow, and quailed under the buffe*t*. On every side, the shadows leape*d* from their ambush and fell prone. Ibid., 246.

Dentale gebraucht, um die Plötzlichkeit der Erscheinung der Sonne und ihrer Wirkung auszudrücken.

31. Often have we gone to him *r*ed-hot with our hopeful so*rr*ows, *r*ailing on the *r*oseleaves in our p*r*incely bed of life, and he would patiently give ear and wisely counsel. Memories and Portraits., 53.

32. I know one of Scottish blood but a child of Suffolk, whose fancy sti*ll* *l*ingers about the *l*i*l*ied *l*ow*l*and waters of that shire. Ibid., 91.
33. I can still hear that merry clatter of the hoofs along the moonlit lane. Ibid., 248.

Rhythmus.

34. That *h*eat and *h*eigh*t* of sane emotion which we agree to call by the name of poetry. Ibid., 276.
35. The waves come in slowly, vast and green, curve their translucent necks, and burst with a surprising uproar, that runs, waxing and waning, up and down the long key-board of the beach. The foam of these great ruins mounts in an instant to the ridge of the sand glacis, swiftly fleets back again, and is met and buried by the next breaker. Across The Plains, 78.

Die langen einsilbigen Wörter 'vast' und 'green' ahmen die langsame Bewegung der Wellen nach. Das Brechen der Wellen kommt durch *r* uud *s* zum Ausdruck, dessen Wirkung durch das etwas unerwartete Adjektiv 'surprising' noch verstärkt wird. In dem Wort 'great' findet sich der Übergang von *r* zum Dental *t*, einem Laut, der ebenso wie das *d* gebraucht wird, um dem Satze eine rasche Bewegung zu verleihen. Das Ganze schliesst passend mit mehreren *r*.

36. But the only 'Fair Isle' on which I ever set my foot, was this unhomely, *r*ugge*d* *t*u*rr*e*t* *t*op of subma*r*ine sie*rr*as. Ibid., 185.
37. And in those days, though I haunted the breakwater by day, and even loved the place for the sake of the sunshine, the thrilling seaside air, the wash of wave*s* on the *s*ea-fa*c*e, the *g*reen *g*limmer of the divers' helmets far below, and the musical chinking of the masons, my own genuine preoccupation lay elsewhere. Ibid., 190.

sh, s und c = s angewandt, um den Anprall der Wogen auf dem Strande nachzuahmen.

38. The plateau broke down to the North Sea in formidable cliffs, the tall out-stacks *r*ose like pilla*r*s *r*inged about with su*r*f, the coves we*r*e ove*r*b*r*immed with clamo*r*ous f*r*oth, the sea-birds screamed, the wind sang in the thyme on the cliff's edge; here and there, small ancient castles toppled on the brim; here and there it was possible to dip into a dell of shelter, where you might lie and tell yourself you were a little warm, and hear (near at hand) the whin-pods bursting in the afternoon sun, and (farther off) the *r*umou*r* of the tu*r*bulent sea. Ibid., 193.
39. Of a sudden, my ascending head passed into the trough of a swell. Out of the green, I shot at once into a glory of rosy, almost of san-

guine light — the multitudinous seas incarnadined, the heavens above a vault of crimson. And then the glory faded into the hard, ugly daylight of a Caithness autumn, with a low sky, a gray sea, and a whistling wind. Ibid., 201.

Wechsel zwischen lateinischen vielsilbigen Wörtern mit einfachen angelsächsischen in Harmonie mit dem Sinne.

40. From the *r*oa*r*ing ske*rr*y and the we*t* thwar*t* of the *t*ossing boa*t* he passes to the stool and desk. Ibid., 202.

Allitteration und Rhythmus.

Aus den angeführten Beispielen geht hervor, dass Stevenson die erwünschte Wirkung erzielt durch

1. Onomatopöie wie in 1 (lull), 5 (tootling), 7 (squirls, squalls), 12 (babblement), 21 (bubbles, babble, chill), 27 (plunge of reverberating thunder).

2. Allitteration:

(a) mit *l*, das Frieden und Ruhe malt wie in 1, 18 (mit anderen Liquiden) und 32.

(b) mit *s* schildert er das stille, ruhende Meer und Frieden wie in 2, 3, 4 und 37.

(c) mit *b* und *r* schildert er Lärm und Unruhe wie in 4, 9, 12, 27 und 31.

(d) mit *st* Tumult und Wirrwarr wie in 28.

(e) mit *d* und *t* plötzliche, rasche Thätigkeit wie in 6, 13, 15, 17 und 26.

3. Einen leicht beweglichen Rhythmus, wie in 5, 8, 10, 11, 16, 19, 23, 24, 25, 33 und 40. In 23 ist die Wirkung durch einen geschickten Gebrauch von Assonanz erhöht.

4. Unterbrechung des Rhythmus, wie in 20, 22 und 29.

5. Abwechslung des Rhythmus, wie in 14, 35 und 39.

Schluss.

Ich habe in dieser Arbeit versucht, nicht sowohl Stevenson's Stil erschöpfend zu behandeln, als vielmehr erstens, darzulegen, was nötig ist, um seinen Stil zu verstehen, und zweitens, durch Beispiele und Anmerkungen zu zeigen, worin seine Vorzüge und Eigentümlichkeiten begründet sind. Die Beispiele illustrieren, wie ich wohl annehmen darf, alle Eigenschaften. die ich für Stevenson in Anspruch genommen habe; und diejenigen aus „Weir of Hermiston“ zeigen, dass seine schriftstellerische Kraft bei seinem Tode ihren Höhepunkt erreicht hatte. Wenn wir aber an Scott, an Dickens oder an Thoekeray denken, so fragen wir uns, ob Stevenson nicht vielleicht den Wert des Stiles für die erzählende Dichtung überschätzt hat. Für den Essayisten aber ist Stil eine absolute Notwendigkeit; und wenn ich zum Schlusse eine Prophezeiung machen dürfte, so wäre es diese: Stevenson wird vor allem als der Essayist fortleben, der es verstanden hat, eine höchst anziehende Persönlichkeit in so liebenswürdiger, reizvoller Weise zum Ausdruck zu bringen, dass er, seit Charles Lamb und William Hazlitt verstummt sind, in dieser Hinsicht unübertroffen dasteht.

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Inhaltsverzeichnis.

Teil I.

Allgemeine Bemerkungen.

Teil II.

Untersuchung der charakteristischen Eigenschaften von Stevenson's Stil.